

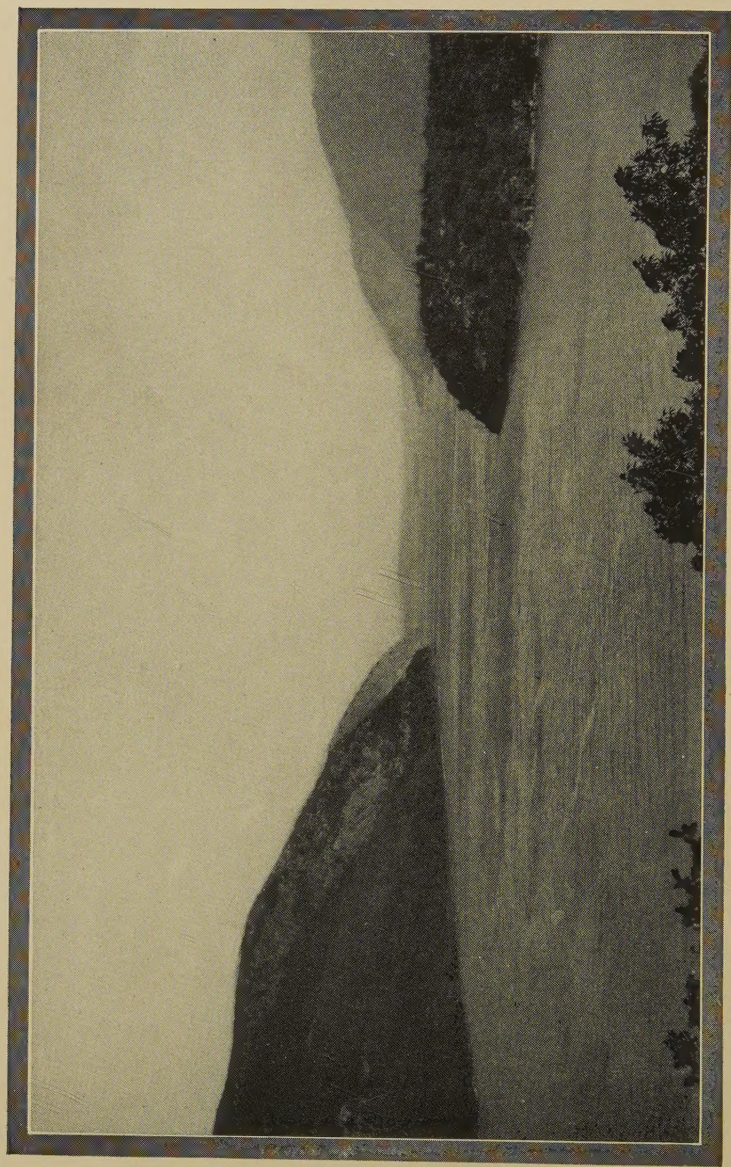
Letters and Memories
of
Susan and Anna Bartlett Warner

By
Olivia E. Phelps Stokes

With 22 Illustrations

Urban Creek
August 1899





*Hudson River Looking North from West Point
Showing Constitution Island on Right*

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of
Susan and Anna Bartlett Warner

By
Olivia Eggleston Phelps Stokes

With 22 Illustrations

Infinite power of God upholds us,
Infinite love of Christ enfolds us.

E. P. S. H.

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York & London
The Knickerbocker Press
1925

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Olivia Eggleston Phelps Stokes



Made in the United States of America

INTRODUCTION

IN reading over some old letters I find among them a number from Susan Warner, author of *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy*, and Anna Bartlett Warner, who wrote the life of her sister and *Dollars and Cents*. Believing these letters will be of interest to their friends and to readers of their books, I have arranged them for publication together with some letters to Miss Sarah A. Rood, a valued friend, adding some personal memories of the two gifted sisters whose friendship is one of the happiest memories of my life.

Not long before Miss Anna Warner's death she had arranged to visit me in Connecticut during the autumn of 1911. It had been planned that during this visit we should go together to the home of the Warner ancestors in Canaan, New York, where the

sisters spent their summers during their girlhood, which lies in a charming valley just west of the Berkshire Hills. A severe equinoctial storm made the journey from Constitution Island, her home on the Hudson, impossible for her at her age, and the visit was given up.

After Miss Anna Warner's death, when spending the summer in Lenox, Massachusetts, I decided to visit Canaan, and on a clear October day I motored west to Queechy Lake and down the hill to the peaceful valley where the village of Canaan lies. The colonial house of Jason Warner, grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner, is still standing. From the town records, from the library, and State papers at Hudson and Albany I learned much of the history of the sturdy, independent, God-fearing ancestors of Susan and Anna Warner; William Warner, their grandfather's father, coming into the valley in 1764, followed by Colonel William B. Whiting, their grandmother's father, in 1765. In the beautifully situated graveyard lie buried many generations of Warners and Whitings.

From these records one also caught glimpses of Revolutionary days followed by the troublesome years of the anti-renters, when New York claimed

the land east of the Hudson, as far as the Connecticut River, and Massachusetts in turn claimed westward as far as the Hudson, although as they said, they "had for a long time neglected the settlement of the West Bounds, they lying very remote from Boston."

I had prepared the letters for publication, and written the simple sketch which preceded them, before I was aware of how much of interest relating to the sisters lies in the valley of Canaan.

I fully realize the inadequacy of the following pages, but should I have rewritten the sketch I had prepared, putting it in the form of a biography, only a part of the information I had obtained might properly find a place in the book, and the picturesque events which occurred during the days of the anti-renters in Columbia County would probably have to be excluded as not legitimately belonging to a biography. I have therefore concluded to arrange the additional facts obtained in a second part, believing that these facts will bring out more clearly the characters of the ancestors of the sisters, and help to give a picture of the times and of the places where they lived.

I have endeavored to verify the dates in this book and believe them to be correct. Though only a small memorial to friends I love, it may help to keep their memories green to those who follow.

O. E. P. S.

UNDERLEDGE,
LENOX,
August, 1925.

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PART I

Letters and Memories
of
Susan and Anna Bartlett Warner

Letters and Memories of Susan and Anna Bartlett Warner

CHAPTER I

THE ISLAND

How good it is to look sometimes across great spaces, to lift one's eyes from narrowness, to feel the large silence that rests on lonely hills! . . . The place seemed full of a serene and mighty Presence.

THE ADVENTURES OF ELIZABETH IN RÜGEN.

SOMETIMES an incident in the life of a person exemplifies that life. In recalling Miss Anna Warner there is a picture that stands out clearly.

On a peaceful spring evening stepping from the train at Garrison on the Hudson that had brought me from the noise and excitement of New York, I found Miss Anna's rowboat waiting to take me to Constitution Island, or Martlaer's Rock as the sisters called their Island. It was rowed by Buckner, the gardener, who had married Bertha,

the faithful colored maid and friend of the sisters. Kindly greetings said, we rowed in silence. The sun had set behind Storm King, and there was that quiet and peace and feeling of a Presence that sometimes comes as the sun's benediction on leaving the world, after warming and lighting it during the day, as a mother leaning over her child to bid him goodnight. There was no sound except the steady, restful dip of the oars and the slight splash as they cut the water. We passed near the east shore of the river, the banks covered with young pine trees and masses of laurel in full bloom.

As we neared the old wharf whose planks and boathouse were gray with age Miss Anna, who had been watching for us, came swiftly down the path with both hands extended in welcome and stood at the end of the pier, the evening air slightly pushing back the gray hair from her dear face. She stood in the quiet twilight as an angel of goodness, hospitality and peace. Miss Anna at that time was the last of her family, and lived alone on the Island with the devoted Bertha and Buckner to care for her and the Island.

The old house is placed so low that it seems to grow out of the ground. Passing through the

enclosed piazza and through the left door we sat for a few moments in the interesting living room where much of the writing of the sisters was done. After an exchange of questions, I went upstairs to the room above the living room through the door that was partly latticed, over which a sheepskin hung to keep out the air. The ceiling and walls of this room were whitewashed. There was a fireplace with a basket of wood and kindling on the hearth, a brass candlestick stood on the mantel, and with its old-fashioned furniture, the bed with a white dimity counterpane edged with knotted fringe, the small table with a few books, and two or three old-fashioned chairs, it was a restful room. Some lines of Whittier come readily to mind:

And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control. . . .
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

We had supper, Miss Anna and I, in the dining room next the living room where Miss Anna asked

those who were intimate friends, as there was another dining room across the passage beyond the parlor. On the hearth a low fire burned to keep off the evening chill, and on the white tablecloth lay the long toasting fork that friends used in toasting their slice of bread, bringing it hot to the table. The fork was an extension fork and when pulled out one could crouch or stand at sufficient distance from the fire to escape its heat. A blessing was said and the talk was of God's love and care as of a personal friend. We remained a long time at the table. After supper we sat in the living room and when goodnight was said we slept in the cool, peaceful stillness which was only broken by the sound of a sailing vessel, the night boat passing, or a long line of canal boats towed by a steam tug.

The first time I saw Miss Susan and Miss Anna Warner was when as a little girl I walked behind them after a morning service in the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church in New York City. They were slender and dignified and, as was customary in those days, wore bonnets and large shawls pointed at the back. The Sundays at that time of my youth were strenuous ones, for starting with my brothers about eight o'clock I walked

from the old Coster place, which my grandfather Phelps had purchased and where my father had built a house, on the East River at 30th Street, to the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church.

I met Miss Susan Warner for the first time through a mutual friend who had long wanted my sister and me to know the sisters. This friend wrote from the Island and suggested that as she was visiting at the Island it would be a suitable time to make their acquaintance. My sister and I spent the night at Cozzens Hotel at Highland Falls, south of West Point. In the evening while in the large drawing room Mrs. Robert Stuyvesant, whose sister had married my uncle, was much interested in our visit to Constitution Island which we were to make the following morning. She asked if we had noticed the gentleman talking with her, and she said he was a well known author who had told her that he was in Putnam's office after that firm had accepted for publication Miss Susan Warner's *Wide, Wide World*, and that Mr. Putnam said to him, "I am not sure whether or not I have made a mistake in accepting it." Mr. Putnam did not foresee that this book would have a wide sale in this and other countries and be translated into many

languages, and help largely in the support of the Warner family, the father having met with financial reverses.

The following morning my sister and I drove to West Point and down the road back of the West Point Hotel. We took a rowboat to the Island and as always the beauty of the river at this point impressed us. Landing at the Island we went into the house, and into the large living room where Miss Susan soon came to welcome us. Miss Anna was not at home on this visit. Miss Susan offered us a chair which she said she and her sister liked to sit in when they were tired. It was a low chair with the back and seat made of one piece of canvas or similar material, and on our declining it Miss Susan took it. I cannot recall much of the conversation which was general, as there were two or three people in the room. I remember thinking that Miss Susan was interesting but that she looked weary and not strong.

Not long after our first visit to the Island Miss Susan Warner came to visit us at our old home on Madison Square. Our guest room was a large front room overlooking the Square, and I remember the pleasure we had in arrangements which



Susan Warner

we always carried out when the sisters visited us. Facilities for making tea were placed in the room and a Chinese covered jar of old porcelain was filled with biscuits so that the five o'clock morning tea could be made, and any writing finished before the family breakfast.

I remember very clearly an afternoon of this visit. I had always heard of Miss Susan's ability in telling stories, and the enjoyment she had in doing this, but I had no idea of the vividness and captivating interest that she gave to these stories. From the lunch table we went into our library, a room she liked very much, which faced south and east, and on the east opened into a conservatory. Here we sat around a wood fire, one of the men of the family much given to outdoor life and usually impatient of a long afternoon indoors sat with us, and Miss Susan began to relate this true story.

It was of a beautiful young girl of good family in Philadelphia who had married and moved to their charming country home outside the city, where an Italian who brought letters of introduction to her young husband often visited them and became intimate in the household. The devoted husband left one day and never was heard of

afterwards. A year or more later the Italian, whom she had not seen since her husband's disappearance, came back from Italy and ardently wooed her. She declined his advances and as he was very persistent, she closed her house and went to live in another State for a time. It was then discovered that at the time of her husband's disappearance a foreign ship unknown in the waters of the Schuylkill River had been anchored not a great distance from their country place. From further investigation it seemed probable that the young husband had gone aboard this ship with the Italian friend which then put out to sea and the young husband never returned. The ardent suitor was later struck by lightning and was killed.

The description of the garden of this beautiful place in the country where the bride lived, and the vividness of the story kept her hearers deeply interested. The logs were renewed in the fireplace, and a visitor coming to call, who was a Philadelphian, joined the circle. He added some details to the story and also learned from Miss Susan some facts which he had not known. We were deeply impressed with Miss Susan's wonderful ability in telling this story, and sat until the

evening came on and we were obliged to disperse to dress for dinner.

Not many months after Miss Susan's visit to us we heard that she was ill. The sisters were then living for the winter in a cottage on Mr. John Bigelow's place at Highland Falls. Soon word came of her death, and I went up to Highland Falls to the funeral taking with me a wreath of flowers. Reaching the cottage the door was opened by a friend, who, seeing the wreath, said Miss Anna had asked that there should be no flowers, but if any were sent they would gladly take them to a near-by hospital. So the wreath was hung on a nail in the hall and I went into the small parlor. There Miss Susan's form lay peacefully in her coffin, and Miss Anna was seated close to her looking down at her sister's face with peaceful intentness, taking her last farewell until their meeting again in God's Other Home. She sat there motionless during the simple service. When the service was over, it being necessary for me to take the afternoon train to New York, after a few words with Miss Anna I left. I knew the cadets were to have charge of the burial, and that she was to have military honors.

Miss Anna writes in her life of her sister:

By special permission of the Secretary of War, she was laid in the Government cemetery at West Point; there, where so many of her "boys" would pass near her; so many at last come back to rest. From almost at her feet the wooded, rocky ground slopes sharply down to the river; and beyond that, on the other shore, is . . . Martelaer's Rock,—with the old Revolutionary house where so much of her work was done.

CHAPTER II

LIFE AT CONSTITUTION ISLAND

This constantly growing relation to Christ. I cannot tell you how personal this grows to me. He is here. He knows me, I know Him. It is no figure of speech. It is the reallest thing in the world, and every day makes it realler.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

HENRY W. WARNER, father of Susan and Anna Warner, was born at Canaan, New York. He studied law and practised his profession in New York and in Albany, where he mingled with the members of the legislature. He married Miss Anna Bartlett, and his daughters Susan and Anna were born in New York City. In their comfortable, pleasant home in the city the sisters studied with tutors and grew up, seeing society in the quiet way that still existed in New York among people of simple habits and culture. Mr. Warner became a successful lawyer, and life in New York brought luxuries to the family, and no doubt many scenes in Miss Susan's stories

were copied from the life she saw there. I call them stories, for I recall Miss Anna's look of what seemed to me troubled surprise when I once spoke of them as Miss Susan's novels. In her younger days many persons holding strict ideas kept aloof from novels.

While the sisters were young they were accustomed to spend their summers in Canaan, New York, and the life there helped Susan in writing *The Wide, Wide World*, *Queechy*, and other stories. Susan was self-reliant and her disposition for study and reading kept her at her desk. She spent much time indoors during these summers in Canaan, and this probably helped to bring on the ill-health which was a handicap to her in later life. Anna, active and affectionate, loved to roam in the fields and woods bringing home flowers for the book of pressed flowers which Miss Susan was preparing, and the out of door life made her stronger than her sister. Sometimes the sisters with young friends would walk to some wooded spot, and Susan would delight the group with vivid stories. Miss Anna tells in her life of her sister how the children borrowed oriental shawls from their elders, which they draped around their heads, I presume to add an oriental

touch to the Bible stories, when they held their Bible services out of doors on Sunday afternoons.

Mrs. Warner's early death left the care of the young girls to Mr. Warner's sister, Miss Frances L. Warner, Aunt Fanny as she was called, who became a second mother to her nieces. She was a well-balanced, high-minded Christian woman, very fine both physically and mentally.

Included in the summer's absences from New York were visits to Mr. Warner's brother, Thomas Warner, who was chaplain at the West Point Military Academy. During these visits the beauty of the country delighted the father and daughters, and led to Mr. Warner's buying Constitution Island and land on the east bank of the Hudson. A bridge connected the mainland with the Island. When Mr. Warner purchased the Island there was an old Revolutionary house on it which the family occupied as a summer home on first coming to the Island, Mr. Warner intending to build a large house and to let his overseer live in the old Revolutionary house; but he became involved in law suits over the property which lasted for many years, and with financial reverses resulted in the loss of the property on the mainland. It became necessary to give up the city home with

its associations. Furniture, books, pictures and silver were carried to the Island where they now made their home in the old Revolutionary house, and the large house which was planned was never built.

Miss Anna pointed out to me remains of fortifications on the Island, and told me of the old days when the Island was fortified during the Revolutionary War and the American forces had connected the Island with West Point by a chain to prevent the English fleet passing up the river, and of the discovery of Arnold's treachery in removing a link from this chain. On the part of the property known as "Washington's Parade Ground" Washington's bodyguard was mustered out in 1783. This is confirmed by Harold Donaldson Eberlein in *The Manors and Historic Homes of the Hudson Valley*.

It is of interest to note that Washington was first officially mentioned by the Continental Congress in connection with the defenses on Constitution Island; that the breastworks commenced here in 1775, by order of the Continental Congress, were later completed under the supervision of Kosciusko; and that here, on the 20th of December, 1783, the members of Washington's bodyguard were mustered out. . . .



Warner House
Constitution Island

Geographically speaking, in the strictest sense, Constitution Island or Martelaer's Rock is really an island, although it was never so considered in early Colonial times. Between it and the proper east bank of the river is a narrow waterway, called Crooked Creek, so concealed by reeds that there appears to be only an interrupted marsh growth between the uplands of the shore and the high ground of the point of land standing forth into the stream. This rocky islet originally was included in the extensive land possessions of the Philipse family on the east side of the Hudson.

While the sisters constantly spoke of their home as "The Island" the name which they had stamped on their writing paper was "Martlaer's Rock." Asking Miss Anna how the Island got its name she said they were not certain but that they always understood that a French family named Martlaer had lived there. The excellent explanation of the name found in the Martelaer's Rock Association report for 1919-1920 on Page 33 gives the probable derivation and spelling:

The name is old Dutch. Mr. Egbert Benson, the first President of the New York Historical Society, a most prominent member of the Committee of Safety during the Revolutionary War and a historian who showed great powers of research, states that in the

early days the river was divided by its navigators into certain sailing distances known as "Reaches," or "Rachs," to use the Dutch term. The short stretch of water from Gee's Point going north was probably the most difficult one on the river, and was known as "Martelaer's Rach." Mr. Benson, of Dutch ancestry himself and thoroughly conversant with the language, explains that the word has two translations, one signifying contending or struggling, the other martyr. His contention was that the name was derived from the first on account of the oftentime struggling and contending with the wind and tide to weather the rocky islet.

This appears to be the correct explanation and spelling. At the same time as the sisters spelt the name "Martlaer's Rock" in over fifty letters they wrote to me, I have kept that spelling in this record.

Part of the house consisted of the remains of the old fort which was built of stone. The walls in this old part were very thick, and the windows in the old sitting room and dining room were deep set in the walls. An addition of wood had been added making a simple, comfortable house. The door by which one entered opened from a piazza which was enclosed with windows, and here there were a good many plants in pots standing about

and chairs and a table. The sitting room which opened from the piazza was old-fashioned and attractive and had great individuality. It had an interesting pointed mantel of stone and over it hung a painting of Washington by Gilbert Stuart. There were old-fashioned cabinets, and homemade boxes for books which had been made to take the books easily by rowboat to the mainland for the winter. These long boxes, with handles at the ends, were made by a native carpenter, and might have been the forerunner of the type of library case which is now very much in use. They were filled with books and curiosities from all over the world, many of the curiosities having been sent by graduate cadets.

Beyond the sitting room was the family dining room, and beyond the dining room were the kitchen and pantry. In the parlor, which was opposite the sitting room, were several old oil paintings. In this room, at the left of the door opening from the passage, was a bookcase which contained all the books published by the two sisters. North of the parlor were two rooms, one of which was Aunt Fanny's. Beyond the parlor was a dining room, a light pleasant room with a fine Franklin stove in one corner and on it

a large vessel of brass to heat water to soften the warmth of the room. This room was very pleasant for summer weather.

The stairs went up rather steeply from the small hall, and the hallway upstairs ran through the middle of the house. Over the sitting room was the bedroom which I used when visiting at the Island, and which I should think would be called the guest room, although some have called it the old white room. Next to that was another room, and on the opposite side of the hall were three other rooms. Two of these the sisters had. All the rooms in the house had a quaint, old-fashioned atmosphere.

Out of doors there was an old hothouse, and a barn containing a curious chaise which had three wheels. Farther to the west was the vegetable garden where the most delicious vegetables were grown, tomatoes that rivaled in color and size any others, excellent sweet corn of a short eared variety, and raspberry bushes which Miss Anna told me bore berries every month through the summer and early autumn. Beyond the garden were the woods which consisted largely of hemlock and pine.

Many flowers that had entirely disappeared

from the mainland were still in existence on the Island. I recall once coming to the Island intending to surprise Miss Anna when I found she was away and only Bertha was there. Bertha told me that those lovely flowers Miss Anna liked so much were in bloom, so I followed her into the woods and under the shade of the trees, close down by the side of a high rock in whose crevices short ferns grew, was a large bed of modest, charming lavender orchids, strangely called showy orchids, which have a delicious fragrance. Bertha picked me a bunch.

On another visit I found on the southeast part of the Island growing over the rocks some cacti covered with yellow blossoms. With difficulty I gathered a few of these blossoms, and bringing them into the house, finding the table set for early dinner in the east dining room, I said to Bertha, "Do you think Miss Anna would like to have me put these on the table?" Bertha hesitated and replied that Miss Anna did not feel the same about flowers since Miss Susan's death, because she planted the flowers for Miss Susan.

The sisters had a horse and rode on the meadow called "Washington's Parade Ground" which Miss Anna in her life of her sister referred to as

“Happy Valley.” They took turns, one reading while the other rode, their father always near as was proper in those days, and to aid in case of danger. I have lately seen an old-fashioned side-saddle preserved in the old house, and I have wondered whether it is not the one on which the sisters rode.

The financial troubles that came to their father made their lives sometimes hard but, as Miss Anna said in after years, it brought them the happiness of their lives,—their writing. There was need of the sisters’ help in the support of the household, and they arranged and colored cards on which were printed Bible texts. Miss Susan at one time corrected compositions written by the scholars in Miss Haines’ well known school on Gramercy Park.

Economy had to be practised in every way. Aunt Fanny suggested to Miss Susan that she write, and Miss Susan began *The Wide, Wide World*, writing part of it in the old house on the Island and part in New York, reading the chapters as they were finished to the family for approval and encouragement. Miss Anna gave the book its name. When the book was finished Mr. Warner took it to publishers in New York, but

from one publisher after another it came back, not accepted. At last Mr. Warner left it with Mr. George P. Putnam and, as is stated, he gave the manuscript to his mother to read. After reading it her verdict was that if he never published another book he should publish this, and so *The Wide, Wide World* was given to the public. The sale from this book enabled them to retain the Island.

As the sending of proofs back and forth to the Island was difficult, and to avoid delay, Miss Susan accepted Mrs. Putnam's invitation to visit their family, then living on Staten Island. Miss Susan's letters to her sister give an interesting account of this visit and of the correcting of proofs in her room, of her interest in the older members of the family and the children, seeing friends, making trips to New York and visits there, not forgetting to mention breakfasts of peaches and stewed oysters.

The sisters wrote many books. They were early risers and enjoyed the quiet and peace of the day before the dawn. Miss Anna has told me of those early mornings. In winter she was downstairs first, lighting the fire on the hearth, making the tea, and after the cosy breakfast of

tea and bread and butter their pens made the only sound in the quiet room, as sheet after sheet was written. The world was awaiting the sun's return to warm and awaken it, the sky was beautifully colored to welcome it, and no doubt the sisters would look up from their writing as the first beams shot across the river and through the deep casement of their windows. In summer the writing was done in a tent on the lawn at the east side of the house. Miss Anna said to me more than once, "You don't know how fair a day can be unless you are out in it in the early morning."

It is probable that this daily writing gave Miss Anna quickness in writing, for many years after when I objected to her recopying chapters of some memories she was preparing she said, "It will take little time."

It is very interesting to be able to follow in the books of Susan and Anna Warner the various incidents in their lives and the places where they lived. It seems most evident that the scenes in *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy* were laid in the old Jason Warner house, the home of their grandfather, in the beautiful valley of Canaan and the surrounding country.



*Revolutionary Part of Warner House
Constitution Island*

In *Queechy* it seems very probable that Montepoole was Lebanon Springs. In old times this was a well known summer resort and the waters were considered most beneficial. Lebanon Springs is about six miles from Canaan, and the various rides that Mr. Carleton took from Montepoole to see Fleda would be from Lebanon Springs to the old Jason Warner house. On the occasion when Capt. Rossiter and Mr. Carleton rode from Montepoole to see Fleda and her grandfather one early morning, her grandfather said: "Come five or six miles this morning a'ready." It is pleasant personally to recall that as far back as 1821 my father visited Lebanon Springs, followed not long after by my grandparents and my mother, and shortly after my mother's marriage she and my father and my eldest brother, then a baby, drove there from New York.

In *Dollars and Cents* the description of the trials which the family went through in the loss of their property and the giving up of things dear to them was probably a description of what happened to the Warners on Constitution Island, when their father's finances were in such bad condition that they had to give up part of their property and much of the furniture in the house.

Susan Warner's books were popular, and justly so. The characters appear to have been taken from life and are so well drawn as to live before us. The descriptions of scenery are so vivid that one realizes her love of nature. Her books are of historical value, reproducing scenes in New York society and the neighboring country nearly one hundred years ago, when a simpler life was lived quite different from the luxurious, exciting life of to-day. The tone of the books of both sisters is refined and moral. While Miss Anna's books were not so popular, they were widely read and appreciated. Several of them were of a devotional spirit that was very beautiful.

One wonders that these very popular stories, having a great number of readers both in this and in other countries, *The Wide, Wide World* being reprinted sixty-seven times and *Queechy* thirty-four, did not bring in larger returns. One reason for this is that at Constitution Island money was needed immediately and the books were sometimes sold outright which prevented the sisters receiving any royalty, also no international copyright laws having been enacted large numbers of the books were sold in England from which the sisters received nothing.

In the old house there was a happy home life. The sisters greatly enjoyed their writing, although Miss Susan was often tired, and over them was always the fear that the income from their writing would not be sufficient to cover yearly needs. It was difficult to find anyone who was willing to come to the Island with its isolated situation to help in the housework, or to pay anyone who would come. Old family silver was sold, and Miss Anna once told me that she and her sister took one of the last pieces of silver to Boston, happy to be able to dispose of it to purchase a winter overcoat for their father which he greatly needed. The sisters found exercise in winter in cutting branches from trees for firewood, and in summer rowing formed a pleasant pastime. On sultry summer afternoons Miss Susan often rowed their boat to the west side of the river under the shadow of Storm King.

Visitors, friends and occasionally strangers came to the Island to express their pleasure and appreciation of the writing of the sisters. Miss Anna told me of breakfasts in the east dining room lengthened by delightful talk, especially when their friend Miss Mary Garrettson of Rhinebeck formed one of the party. Cadets were asked for

early dinner on Saturdays, the sisters wanting to see them and to give them a touch of home life. They liked to have some young ladies at these homelike dinners, and Miss Anna was apt when dinner was over to suggest to the Captain or Lieutenant, or whomever it might be, that he might like to show one of the young ladies over the Island. I remember one of these dinners when excellent lamb, vegetables from their garden, Bertha's raised biscuits, currant pie and rice pudding, all so well prepared, gave the two or three young cadets much satisfaction. I also recall a supper at the Island in the autumn when the night was shutting down, and we ate our raspberries and the delicate cake that Miss Anna had made, and talked together and felt the peace that existed in the house and on the Island.

Bertha, the faithful colored maid, came to live with the sisters when quite young. When I first saw Bertha she was a middle-aged handsome, dignified woman with quite a light complexion, and I understood she had Indian or white ancestors beside colored. One could not see Bertha without being impressed by her superiority and as years passed she became increasingly devoted to the sisters and her loyalty deepened. After Miss

Susan's death Bertha's devotion to Miss Anna was touching, and there was mutual affection. Buckner, the husband of Bertha, set his nets in the Hudson and brought in excellent shad in the spring, and I recall a dinner when some small birds were being sent to Aunt Fanny who was having her dinner on the piazza, and I was told that Buckner had shot them.

I first saw Aunt Fanny while on a visit to the Island one summer. She was not with us for breakfast, but coming into the enclosed piazza after a morning walk, I found her sitting there in a wheeled chair with their attentive Scotch terrier, who was nearly blind, at her feet. I was most impressed with her fine shapely head and dignified appearance. Miss Anna was solicitous of her comfort and brought a siphon of Vichy water to her. We passed some pleasant hours sitting in the enclosed piazza, Miss Anna reading aloud an interesting article from the *Geographic Magazine*.

When Aunt Fanny died she was buried under one of the beautiful trees on the lower part of the lawn. Later when the Island was to become the property of the Government Miss Anna had her body removed to the family burying ground

in Canaan, New York. I was told by a connection of the family living in Canaan that the last time she saw Miss Anna was when she came to lay in its final resting place in the cemetery among her kin the body of dear Aunt Fanny, and that she seemed to grieve as if her aunt had just died.

CHAPTER III

NEW YORK AND CONSTITUTION ISLAND

*By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long migration,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature's breast!)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

MISS ANNA told me of winters when cold and snow enveloped the Island and its isolated situation, while giving it much of its charm, at the same time separated the small household from friends and the outside world. Some winters Miss Susan and Miss Anna made visits to friends, and other winters kept house in New York, West Point and Rhinebeck. When Mr. Warner, Aunt Fanny and the two sisters were in New York during the winter, they rented part of one of those houses we now call old-fashioned, but which still have more of the home feeling than the long, pretentious modern ones, lacking sunlight and

space about them. They used the front room in the second story as their sitting room.

In those days instead of our afternoon teas there were often simple evening parties, and this custom Aunt Fanny and the sisters followed. On these evenings to accommodate the guests, the passageway ordinarily used as a hanging closet, which led from their sitting room to the back room, was hung with curtains of red flannel, a material that Miss Anna spoke of as new in her day. A table was spread there with tea things, buns and cake. Miss Anna sat behind this tea table, which was lighted by one of the silver candelabra brought from the Island, her face no doubt glowing with pleasure for she delighted in dispensing hospitality. To see her seated in the warmth and color of the surroundings must have been a pleasing picture to friends coming from the cold and snow of a New York winter night.

The sisters when I knew them wore very simple dresses, usually with ruffles at the neck and wrists. There was always a feeling when with them that mind and soul dominated the body. Miss Anna's face showed that her life was full of love and peace. Miss Susan's face expressed strong mentality, energy and quietness of spirit.



Anna Bartlett Warner

Among those who frequented the house were their close friends, Rev. George Prentiss and Mrs. Prentiss, Dr. Prentiss being pastor of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, Dr. Hitchcock, President of Union Theological Seminary, Miss Haines, head of the large school for girls on Gramercy Park, whose broad mind and heart extended to helpful work in and outside her school, Mrs. David Codwise, Phoebe and Alice Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus W. Field with their daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. George P. Putnam.

Although the sisters did not travel far in this country and never left it, they read with keen interest and insight many books of travel and descriptive articles about their own and other countries. They knew and deeply loved nature and its wonders. Miss Anna spoke of the great pleasure her sister and she had in going to Anthony's in New York to look at their excellent collection of photographs of practically the whole world. She said that when they were fatigued with writing and other details, a rainy day would come and they would go to this large store, which I think she said was in the second story of a building, and there spend the morning most happily, quietly looking at the photographs through a

stereoscope and getting a wonderful knowledge of the countries which they could not visit. After purchasing a few photographs that they especially wanted, and which they would treasure, they would go home refreshed, feeling that while they had not visited the countries they could see them clearly in their minds' eye. No doubt the careful examination of these photographs helped Miss Susan in writing her book on Palestine, *Walks From Eden*, and books where the scenes were laid in Great Britain and other countries.

During some of the winters spent in West Point, Rhinebeck, and Saybrook, Connecticut, Miss Susan taught a Bible study class for friends and neighbors living near who came to the house in the afternoon or evening for the class which was followed by tea.

The cadets came over to the Island Sunday afternoons during the summers and a Bible class was held under the trees. Simple refreshments followed the Bible lesson. Miss Anna took the class when Miss Susan was not strong enough to teach it, and she continued to do so for years after Miss Susan's death. At one time the class was held in the old chapel, now removed to the entrance of the cemetery, and it was a beautiful

sight to see some forty cadets gathered in the front pews of the chapel around the dear gray-haired old lady, listening with earnestness as she taught them from God's word. After the cadets who were members of the Bible class graduated the sisters corresponded with them. When Miss Anna visited my sister and me at our home on Madison Square she brought with her a package of letters from cadets, and when she came down to breakfast she usually had several answers to these ready to post.

No doubt Miss Anna with her affectionate disposition would have been happier while young if Miss Susan, who was eight years her senior, had expressed more of the love she had for her; but when the sisters stood side by side at the communion table in the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church and professed their love for God and Christ, and their determination with God's help to keep His commandments, the difference that years had made in their companionship largely disappeared, and hereafter they walked in closer companionship through the remainder of their lives and tokens of affection were abundant. When Miss Susan's health was enfeebled she often turned to Miss Anna for help and sympathy. I

recall a Sunday at the Island in summer when the class was being held in the chapel. Miss Anna left the early dinner table to prepare for the row across the river where she was that day to take Miss Susan's Bible class of cadets. Returning in a few moments with hat and coat on ready to leave, she came to Miss Susan's side as we sat at table and kissed her. Miss Susan seemed for a moment preoccupied, but instantly as if she realized that Miss Anna was feeling the responsibility of teaching her class of cadets, or for some other reason, she embraced her with great warmth and tenderness.

An account of this Bible class written by a former cadet is of much interest, describing the cadets coming over to the Island when the class was held under the trees near the old house.

The visits to Constitution Island were regarded as a great privilege, for not only did they make a break in the severe routine of the daily life but they enabled the boys to roam further afield than was possible at the Academy, where the restrictions of the cadet limits were pretty irksome to boys accustomed to the free run of the town or country. So the privilege of going to Constitution Island as one of "Miss Warner's boys" was eagerly sought and highly prized.

Every Sunday afternoon during the summer encampment the sisters would send their elderly man of all work after the favored ones. He pulled the old flat-bottomed boat across the river to the West Point dock, where the boys with the coveted permits were waiting for him. Usually the trip back was accompanied with more or less excitement, for the boat was always loaded to the last inch of its carrying capacity.

Miss Warner awaited her guests in the orchard. She always sat in the same big chair supported by many cushions. She was a frail little woman with a long face deeply lined with thought and care, lighted with large, dark, very brilliant eyes.

As she sat in her chair with the boys in a semi-circle around her on the grass she looked like a print from Godey's Lady's Book of half a century before. She always wore silk dresses of a small flowered pattern, made with voluminous skirts of wonderful stiffness and rustle, and small close fitting bodices. A rich Paisley shawl was always around her shoulders, and a broad black velvet ribbon was bound around her hair, which was only slightly gray.

After each of the boys had read a Bible verse Miss Warner, choosing her subject from some New Testament text, talked to them for perhaps half an hour until her enthusiasm and interest had obviously almost exhausted her small strength. Her English was the best and purest I have ever heard, and as she went on and

her interest grew her eyes shone like stars and her voice became rich and warm. There was never any cant or sectarianism, and she always gave to the boys the brightest and most optimistic side of the faith she loved so well.

When she had finished and lay back pale and weary against her cushions her sister, Miss Anna, came down from the house with the rare treat of the whole week, tea and homemade gingerbread. After that the two sisters and the boys talked over the things of the world that seemed so far from that peaceful quiet orchard. The boys confided their aims and ambitions, and the sisters in the simplest, most unostentatious way sought to implant right ideals and principles.

Miss Warner never forgot any of her boys, and up to the time of her death kept up a correspondence with many of them. This correspondence must have been voluminous, for it embraced men in every branch of the service, and included alike distinguished officers and cadets who had failed.

Mrs. Charles E. Tracy, President of the Martelaer's Rock Association, gives some pleasant recollections of the sisters:

I have a pleasant recollection of accompanying my father when he took a few distinguished strangers to breakfast with Miss Susan and Miss Anna B. Warner

many years ago. The hour set for the breakfast was ten A.M. The trip from the North Dock at West Point to the boat landing on Constitution Island was made in the same rowboat that served Miss Anna until the year of her death for her early morning exercise. But at the time of the visit I am describing the two dear ladies had been busily engaged with their writing from half-past five o'clock, and had only stopped that occupation in time to put on a clean print frock, starched and rustling and a fresh frill around the neck, before greeting us cordially at the front door. Indeed they were generally standing there watching our approach across the lawn, as if to assure us of the warm welcome we were to receive.

I was too young at the time to remember the brilliant talk at the table, but I have kept a vivid impression of the gaiety and well-being that pervaded the atmosphere—of the beautifully set table groaning under its burden of beautiful silver, as well as fried chicken and hot rolls, berries and thick cream. It seemed to me a feast for the gods, and I was glad to be permitted to hear the wise and witty talk though I could not grasp or remember all they said. Would that children could oftener enjoy the same privilege!

I also remember a happy afternoon spent with the Misses Warner in their sitting room at Martelaer's Rock. My sister and I had begged them to let us bring two of our girl friends—we were all between the ages

of eighteen and twenty-five—to see them, and they gladly assented. Stuart's fine portrait of George Washington, bequeathed to the corps of Cadets by Miss Anna Warner, then hung over the fireplace.

And while the bright fire was crackling on the hearth, we listened to one romantic tale after another—stories they had picked up and had already put into their books or that were destined for that purpose—for they never used any but true stories. It was noticeable how many had to do with a letter that had either been destroyed, or never found, or received and appropriated by the wrong person. Our eager young minds and hearts were thrilled by the romance and pathos of these tales, and we loved the dear women who so generously shared the richness of their experience with us.

Tea was served in the little old dining room, the wall of which on one side dates from the barracks built in connection with Fort Constitution in 1775. The door in the floor led to a secret hiding place, and there on winter mornings the Warner sisters began their day's work with a cup of tea at five or five-thirty A.M. and wrote their books while the rest of the household slept. The room had a peculiar charm for Miss Anna; and as she chatted with us at the tea table she would carefully crack a lump of sugar in two pieces with an iron instrument designed for that purpose, which is now carefully preserved in one of the glass cases as a curiosity. Bertha, the faithful colored maid who was in the em-

ployment of the Warner family from her seventeenth year, passed the delicious cake she had made and saw that the water in the big copper kettle was kept boiling over the basin of hot coals taken from the kitchen fire. These cosy, happy hours are never to be forgotten by any who enjoyed them.

Miss Anne Tracy, daughter of Mrs. Charles E. Tracy, gives a delightful picture of Miss Anna in the later years of her life:

The winter that I came out a *débutante* was supposed to be, and generally was, a physical and mental wreck by the time Lent put a stop to the whirl of gayeties.

As Miss Anna Warner was occupying a portion of my grandfather's¹ house, The Squirrels, at Highland Falls, it was decided that I should spend a fortnight of that season with her in the country. I was overjoyed at the prospect.

The Squirrels was an old house of which Miss Warner occupied the oldest portion, two bedrooms upstairs and the dining room, pantry and kitchen below. The two lower she converted into living and dining room respectively, filled with her numerous plants and cacti, with a bright fire on the hearth, herself almost always rocking beside it with her hands folded and little white curls bobbing gently. The room breathed an atmos-

¹ Mr. John Bigelow.

phere of welcome even when I would burst through with a flurry of snow and wind, my skates clattering, to hang my wraps in the kitchen to dry.

Life with Miss Anna was regular as clockwork. Breakfast at half-past seven consisted of tea, cold roast-beef, and the best bread Bertha ever made, beside a great deal of conversation. She often told of how, in her father's day, they would sit at the table for hours, fetching one book after another for reference or proof of some point until the table was covered.

Then followed "tidying up the house" as Miss Anna called it, after which I was dismissed out of doors while she turned to her desk, though on my return I always found her rocking by the fire.

Dinner was at noon. I will always remember the peculiarly delectable flavor of the baked potatoes which generally graced that meal, together with tea and all a hungry young person could devour. Supper at six invariably included some delicious cake fresh from Bertha's oven, and which seemed to me a dream of perfection. Indeed, Miss Anna always prided herself on her ability to bake bread and cake, and Bertha had been her own and her sister's apt pupil for many years.

Each meal was, of course, preceded by a heartfelt extempore grace, and each of the several cups of tea was sweetened with half a lump of sugar, which exact portion was obtained by the use of the quaint sugar-scissors now in a glass case at Martlaer's Rock, and

which we as children had always longed to play with.

After supper, as we sat on either side of the fire, Miss Warner would sometimes be persuaded to "tell a story," and what stories those were! Always true, sometimes sad, sometimes gay, some had been woven into the narrative of books already written, some were to form the basis of others to be written, some were of the Civil War, some of West Point, many of the Hudson Valley and New England, but one and all were thoroughly American and dramatic, tragedies transformed by redeeming faith into mere preparation to the everlasting life.

What a picture she made, sitting in the low rocking chair by the fire light (we wasted no candles except to read by), her tiny hands folded in her lap, her full skirt carefully smoothed over the knees and her minute square-toed shoes peeping out from under as she rocked slowly back and forth. Her dresses had been cut on the same model for some forty years and the tiny ruffles at throat and wrist were starched and immaculate. Her white hair was parted in the middle, the knot at the back held in place by one large pin or comb, but the two little curls on either side of her pink cheeks lent her face a graceful sweetness only enhanced by the merry twinkle in her faded blue eyes and the gentle kindliness of her smile.

When bedtime came Bertha would join the circle, candles would be lit and a large-print Bible set before

her from which Miss Warner would read a chapter or two before kneeling to pray for us all. I used to wonder how she could remember all the things she prayed about, and many a time I was astounded at some reference to subjects we had discussed during the day, problems I had been considering or abstract theories we had touched upon. Sometimes I would be called upon to sing a hymn but as my memory rarely served me beyond the first verse my repertoire was soon exhausted.

Sundays were great days at The Squirrels those winters, and girls were neither to be seen nor heard while the cadets were there for the Bible class. I would sit with her after lunch, watching the road up from the gate, in silent expectation, until one of us would cry out, "There they come!" only to find that the swaying branch of the great pine tree had fooled us again.

Finally the lumbering West Point omnibus would drive up to the door and out would pour the fifteen or twenty young men who had asked to attend the class. I, of course, had fled precipitately upstairs, but as soon as possible would slip out of the house, only to return when the cadets had gone, and Miss Warner would spend the rest of the evening talking of anything and everything except her "Boys" and their problems, tactfully ignoring the curiosity and eagerness I displayed in trying to draw her out on the subject of West Point.

Miss Anna was interested in Miss Sybil Carter and her work of instructing the Indians in lace work and in selling their laces. My sister arranged that Miss Carter should bring the lace to the Island and speak there to a number of ladies from West Point and Garrison. It was a pleasant gathering followed by tea, and Miss Carter was encouraged by a number of orders for lace.

After the death of my parents Miss Anna arranged a book entitled *Memories of James Stokes and Caroline Phelps Stokes*. This entailed several visits, and once she brought the manuscript to us at Lakewood. We spent pleasant hours reading it together, and walking in the pine woods. Another visit with us which Miss Anna very much enjoyed was to Lake Mohonk. Mr. Alfred Smiley, who had beautiful gardens and had laid out many miles of roads on the mountains, was delighted to see her and told her his first knowledge of gardening came from reading her book *Gardening by Myself*. She won the friendship of many of the guests, among them a young Episcopal clergyman and his wife who later visited Miss Anna on the Island.

Miss Anna loved flowers. One warm Sunday

afternoon while sitting with her on the piazza she left me and, returning with water, began to water some flowers in pots near the house remarking, "They are thirsty." One learns from Miss Anna's book *Gardening by Myself* some of the flowers she cared for most.

Plenty of these there must be, at all events. Phlox and verbenas and sweet peas and stocks and asters and pansies and balsams; with mignonette everywhere, and sweet alyssum in spots; and sweet scabious and sweet sultan for the scent of present fragrance and the perfume of old times. Poppies, too, for we were close friends once, when they were taller—or I was shorter! . . . Have as many pinks as you can find room for; . . . the old, old, pink-faced, sweet-breathed, double, fringed beauties, that bed themselves in a mat of blue-green foliage, and make up for blooming but once a year, by being the fairest things there are *when* they bloom.

In speaking of national hymns, I said to Miss Anna that I did not think "Yankee Doodle" should be classed with these. She told me that she had once talked with an old Revolutionary soldier who said he could not hear "Yankee Doodle" played without tears coming to his eyes, for he had served in the Revolutionary War when

the army was in New Jersey and there was a shortage of shoes, many soldiers being without them. They had to march in winter through the snow and the men asked that the band play "Yankee Doodle" as the time was quick and chilblains and frostbitten feet did not pain them so much when they marched rapidly.

The one American writer whom I recall her speaking of with enthusiasm was Lowell.

When Miss Anna was the only member of her family left on the Island an offer to purchase Washington's portrait was made to her. She replied, "I can dispose of other things, but that portrait my sister and I agreed should go to the Academy." One day when sitting with Miss Anna in the old living room she took from one of the cases a shell so delicate that it looked like lace work and holding it in her hand, with eyes dimmed with tears, she said, "There was a time when I was very perplexed, bills were unpaid, necessities must be had, and someone sent me this exquisite thing. As I held it I realized that if God could make this beautiful home for a little creature, He would take care of me."

This leads me to write of a very important and beautiful decision made by the sisters. All these

anxieties might have been laid aside if the sisters had been willing to sell their Island. A large offer had been made to them to purchase the Island for an amusement park, but believing that this would bring definite temptations to the cadets they refused the offer, although repeatedly made. One realizes what it would have meant to them if they had sold it. They would have had enough to secure for the rest of their lives freedom from care and anxiety, but this they were not willing to do if it meant bringing to the cadets anything that was not desirable and helpful. So for very many years they bore with privation, being confident that they were doing what was right and feeling sure that their Heavenly Father who watched over them would supply their needs. One cannot think of this fine decision of the sisters without feelings of admiration and reverence.

However, after years of patient bearing of trouble, the way was beautifully opened when Mrs. Russell Sage bought the Island from Miss Anna and, with the thoughtfulness which was characteristic of her, gave the property to the United States for the use of the Academy from herself and Miss Anna.

Mrs. Russell Sage's letter to the Government,

with its thoughtful provision for Miss Anna to have her home on the Island during her lifetime, and President Roosevelt's replies give an account of this important gift:

LAWRENCE, L. I.
September 4, 1908.

THE PRESIDENT.

SIR:

I take pleasure in tendering as a gift to the United States from myself and Miss Anna Bartlett Warner, Constitution Island, opposite West Point, embracing about 230 acres of upland and 50 acres of meadow, the same to be an addition to the Military Reservation of West Point and to be for the use of the United States Military Academy.

My attention has been called by Captain Peter E. Traub, one of the professors at West Point, to the importance of adding this island to the West Point Reservation, and to the unsuccessful efforts of successive administrations of the Military Academy and Secretaries of War to secure the necessary appropriation to purchase it. In historic interest it is intimately connected with West Point. It formed during the Revolution a part of the defenses of the Hudson River. Upon it are now the remains of some ten breastworks commenced in 1775 by order of the Continental Congress,

and completed later by Kosciusko. The guns mounted upon the island then commanded the river channel as it rounded Gee's Point, and to the island was attached one end of the iron chain intended to prevent the British warships from sailing up the Hudson. Washington's Life Guard was mustered out on this island in 1783. It is distant only about three hundred yards from West Point, and in its present natural condition forms an essential part of the landscape as viewed from the West Point shore. The occupation of the island as a summer resort for profit, or its use for manufacturing purposes, would, in the opinion of the West Point authorities, be extremely detrimental to West Point, both from an aesthetic and from a practical standpoint. Moreover, its acquisition is desirable for the future development of the academy. Purchase of the island by the Federal Government has been recommended both by the Hon. Elihu Root and Hon. William H. Taft, as Secretaries of War, as well as by the Board of Visitors of the present year. Bills appropriating \$175,000 for the purchase of the island have been repeatedly before both houses of Congress, and I find that such a bill passed the Senate in 1902, but was never brought to a vote in the House.

Miss Warner has received repeated offers from private parties of a much larger sum than that for which she was willing to sell to the United States Government, but had steadily refused, from patriotic motives, to accept

them in order that it might ultimately become a part of the West Point Reservation.

Under these circumstances, after conference with friends officially connected with the Military Academy, and with Miss Warner, I have become the owner of the Island in consideration of the same amount for which Miss Warner has been willing to sell it to the United States, upon the understanding that I offer the island to the Government for the use of the United States Military Academy at West Point, so that it shall form a part of the Military Reservation there, and upon the further understanding that Miss Warner, who is well advanced in years, may continue to occupy the small part of the island now used by her for the remainder of her life, using her house, grounds, springs, pasture and firewood as heretofore.

In view of the great pecuniary sacrifice to Miss Warner in parting with the island at this price, she becomes with me a donor of the property to the United States Government.

I am prepared to execute a proper deed whenever I am assured that my gift will be accepted for this purpose, and that any necessary authority has been obtained from Congress or from the State of New York so as to vest in the United States the same jurisdiction over the island which now exists over the Military Reservation at West Point. My deed will be accompanied by full abstract of title and will contain no conditions except:

First—That the island be for the use forever of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., and form a part of the Military Reservation of West Point, and (pursuant to the covenant in Miss Warner's deed to me, which runs with the land) "that no part of it shall ever be used as a public picnic, or excursion, or amusement ground operated by private enterprise, individual or corporate, for profit"; and Second—That Miss Anna Bartlett Warner have the right to reside as at present on Constitution Island, in full possession of her house and the gardens appurtenant thereto during her natural life, and to the use of such spring or springs from which she now gets her water supply, together with the right to pasture her cows and horses and to take such firewood as will be necessary while she resides on said island, it being clearly understood that these reservations in her favor are restricted to her own life only.

It is a great satisfaction to me to be thus able to carry out the great desire of Miss Warner's life, and I am sure that her unselfish and high-minded refusal to sell Constitution Island for other than Government purposes will be a tradition dear to the heart of every West Point graduate.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) MARGARET OLIVIA SAGE.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
September 5, 1908.

MY DEAR MRS. SAGE:

Through Mr. de Forest I have just received your letter of September 4. I wish to thank you for your very generous gift to the Nation, and I have written Miss Warner thanking her. I have sent your letter at once to the Secretary of War, directing him to see that whatever action may be necessary, if any such there be, whether by Congress or by the State authorities, in order to consummate the gift, may be taken. Permit me now, on behalf of the Nation, to thank you most heartily again for a really patriotic act. With regard,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
September 5, 1908.

MY DEAR MISS WARNER:

I have written to Mrs. Sage thanking her, and I write to you to thank you for the singular generosity which has prompted you and her to make this gift to the Nation. You have rendered a real and patriotic service, and on behalf of all our people I desire to

express our obligation and our appreciation. With regard, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Miss Anna rejoiced that the wish of her sister and herself had been accomplished, and the Island purchased by Mrs. Russell Sage and given to the Academy. She fully appreciated Mrs. Sage's thoughtfulness in arranging for her to have her home on the Island during her lifetime. She once expressed to me the thought that the influence of good lives lived in a house continued there, and one feels sure that the keeping of the old house in its present condition by the Martelaer's Rock Association would mean joy to the sisters.

Buckner became ill and died about this time, so gradually the occupants of the old house grew less, and only Miss Anna and faithful Bertha were left in the quiet and solitude of the Island; but Miss Anna was very happy over the Island being disposed of as she and her sister had wished, and said to me that pieces of helpful work came to her the accomplishment of which gave her happiness.

It is probable that about this time she wrote

those lines on the small watering-pot she used in watering her flowers, in which a wren had made her nest. The spring after her death the wrens returned again to their home which kind hands had left hanging in its old accustomed place.

It seems so strange to think of days
When I shall not be here;
When the winds will blow, and the waters flow
And I not even near.

When my roses bloom for other eyes;
And my birds sing not to me;
And the shadows fall from the cedars tall
And I not here to see.

O Wreniken! Dear little friend!
Make hay while it shines, my sweet!
Come down on the back of the old settee
On your dainty little feet.

Come, turn your pretty head about
And sing and sing and sing!
There'll be many a change, dear Wreniken,
When I have taken wing.

They'll tear away the corner gourd,
And the old box over the door;
And the little old green watering-pot
Will be your nest no more.

During the sisters' lifetime, what was called "Witnessing" was considered by many Christian people to be a part of a religious life. While Miss Anna considered it a joyful privilege to speak of her Heavenly Father, or of the love and example of Christ, she believed this should be done with tact and from a loving heart. I recall someone once telling her how a friend had spoken of religion to others, and what had been said had been met with definite coldness. Miss Anna said with her dear smile, "Did she say it pretty?" If she had to make a criticism it was made from a heart overflowing with love, and her friends will feel the truth of what Whittier wrote:

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong;
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

The sisters' lives cannot be understood without recognizing the fact that an unseen Friend was with them and never left them. This Friend was to them "the realest thing in the world," as Phillips Brooks puts it, and it was in His strength and in the power which He gave them that they went forward with courage and trust through the

many difficulties and joys of the day. Miss Anna had perfect trust that God was her Heavenly Father and would supply all her needs, and Christ was the great companion whose friendship was the source of constant happiness and help. She once wrote to me, "If there is one thing I give thanks for more than another, I think it is that the Lord has taught me to love and trust His will above all else. The schooling is hard, but the learning is blessed." Love to her Maker, love to His children, was the ruling principle of her life. In thinking of Miss Anna's life a sentence in one of her letters to a dear friend comes to mind: "I give you a maxim from George Herbert—'Shine like the sun in every corner.'"

Miss Anna spent several winters in the cottage next to the hotel at West Point, and the wonderful view of the Hudson River to the north with its hilly shores was a great delight to her. She told me, after a snowstorm when the snow had fallen without wind and covered the hills and frozen river, of the quiet that filled the air and brooded over the river and hills, and of the peace it brought to her. In this cottage she was near her cadets where they could come frequently and easily to see her.

During the winter of 1914-15 I heard Miss Anna was ill. I wanted to go and see her, and asking for further particulars of her illness I was told no one was allowed to see her but those in immediate attendance as it increased her coughing which was injurious. While I knew that her illness was serious I did not realize it would be fatal. I left New York on a journey with my sister as had been planned, and so was absent when this dear friend, one of God's faithful children, passed to His Heavenly Home.

The cadets asked to take charge of the funeral and many old pupils came to West Point to attend the services. Colonels were her pallbearers, and her body was laid at rest in the beautiful Government cemetery at West Point by the side of the sister she devotedly loved. Taps were sounded over her grave. In a life that held for her much privation and sorrow she had bravely conquered and made the trials of her life stepping-stones to a happy cheerful life. Her life shed its radiance over the lives of others, and to those who were discouraged she gave strength.

The following hymn written by herself gives a deep insight into her life:

My will would like a life of ease,—
And power to do, and time to rest,—
And health and strength my will would please,
But, Lord, I know Thy will is best.

If I have strength to do Thy will,
That should be power enough for me;
Whether to work or to sit still
The appointment of the day may be.

And if by sickness I may grow
More patient, holy, and resigned;
Strong health I need not wish to know,
And greater ease I cannot find.

Lord, I have given my life to Thee,
And every day and hour is Thine,—
What Thou appointest let them be:
Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.

CHAPTER IV

LETTERS OF SUSAN AND ANNA B. WARNER

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

Feb. 25, 1879.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I shall have to send you a rather parti-coloured letter. For, in the first place, we have the warmest of welcomes all waiting for you. But then—our ice bridge has been in a very uncertain state, several times within the last ten days. And it is quite impossible to tell what it may be by Friday. Mr. Adams¹ came over yesterday, and has gone back this morning; but he says they drove across in a small sleigh, and very fast. . . . The ice sometimes breaks up very suddenly, and we may have blue water by that time. . . .

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

¹ Rev. Adams, a Methodist minister and valued friend.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

MARCH 13, 1879.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . We could not but be glad when you gave up coming two weeks ago. That very afternoon (Thursday) on which I was to telegraph you, a man broke through on his way across the ice; and though people did go and come for days after that, still we would not have liked to try it ourselves, and so would not have had you. Now, the ferryboat is running again, and I think the river will soon be quite clear. . . .

I must save for you an offshoot from my great red Amaryllis—just now in its glory. Yes, it is about as good “fun,” to “fuss with the little green things,” as any I know. . . .

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK,

WEST POINT, N. Y.

July 12, 1881.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I call it very kind dealing, when one has seemed to neglect letters and purses and again letters, then to find

oneself gently pelted with great lily bulbs from Natal. But in truth I don't believe they are *lilies* proper; but rather some of the great Amaryllis family. Real lily bulbs are scaly—which these are not. Yet maybe the rule is not universal. Whatever the beautiful things may be, they are *here*; lifting their heads out of the best soil I could give them. And they are a very great pleasure. You must give Mr. Rood all sorts of thanks for his kind trouble with them; and he must prepare himself to answer all sorts of questions when he comes, as to their florescence, habitat, and general disposition. I fancy that already the long necks are beginning to stir a little. . . .

I wish indeed you could have had more of our strawberries. For a long time they came in at the rate of 20 qts a day, and just about perfect. I think they spoiled us a little, so that we find raspberries a come-down. It has been a wonderful summer,—plenty of rain, no heat worth mentioning, and a wealth of every good thing. Many days we spend almost entirely in the piazza; Auntie reading aloud, or napping, and Sue and I with our work. . . .

With ever so much love,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
Jan. 23, 1883.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . And you are not to come . . . until you feel that nothing but a sleighride across the meadows could perfect your health and happiness. For we are all ice-locked: the river a wonderfully smooth plain of glass, specked only with skaters. But the old house has a blessing on it, and behaves itself grandly: we are warm and bright and comfortable. . . .

Lovingly yours,
A. B. WARNER.

TO MISS MARTHA LINDLEY

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
Jan. 25, 1883.

MY DEAR MATTIE,

. . . A friend of ours used to say that the children of God are the richest people there are; for they have "*infinite resources*" to fall back upon. . . . Aunt Fanny has had much comparative comfort for months. I do not mean that she is ever what I should call *comfortable*—that is, without pain and uneasiness; but she

sleeps well, often; she eats tolerably well; and she is able to sit up and read to herself by the hour together. This is most precious gain.

Yes, we came pretty near going to Lakewood. I for one was very unwilling to stay here, if we could help it. As it turned out, we could not help it; and now see what foolish creatures we mortals are. We are as comfortable as possible. The winter thus far has been deliciously pleasant. The days are too short, and the months fly far too fast for our wishes. And Anna's strength (or want of strength) was spared the great tax which moving brings upon it; and the absolute quiet seems to be the very best thing for me. I believe I was not strong enough for Bible readings this winter; and the Lord has graciously arranged for us, against my wishes, the very best that could be. . . .

Your loving,

S. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.

May 1, 1884.

MY DEAREST SARAH,

The lovely little Pixies arrived in perfect order, and their fairy faces are even yet undimmed. They have

lasted wonderfully. How exquisite they are!—but I am much afraid they will not grow here, even for love. You see their proper habitat is declared to be: “Pine barrens,—N. Jersey & *southwards*.” Would you like to know what a Pixie is called when it gets its due?—behold, then *Pyxidanthera barbulata*. It is of the same great natural family as the moss pink, but is not really a *moss* at all. I shall try to make it grow—but at all events it is something—Sue remarks—to have seen it. So you have given us a great pleasure. . . .

Yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
June 9, 1884.

MY DEAR MISS STOKES,

. . . I venture to ask you to fulfil your half promise, and come to rest your hearts in our island peace and refresh your bodies with our Highland air. . . . You can be perfectly quiet, and as retired as you choose. For *we* ourselves are quiet—it is not only the place. . . . Do come, you and your sister, and let us see if you cannot pass a week among our mountains without getting

tired of them or of us; and let us have an opportunity of showing you a little bit how warmly we are

Your obliged friends

S. AND A. WARNER.

(per S. W.)

TO MRS. JOHN BIGELOW

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.

July 10, 84.

MY DEAR MRS. BIGELOW—

Somebody said you were going to town Monday—and that deterred me from keeping my promise to the letter and sending the book at once; for I thought if you were to be several days absent, it were better to wait. I will wait no longer.

The *Life* please keep as long as you like; nobody is reading it at present. The other little books of Miss Havergal's writing will you accept from me? I am very fond of them, and should be delighted to hear that you were, too.

I shall not soon forget that little bit of a visit from you—only too short—and our minute of talk at the table, about somewhat of more interest than the things of the passing minute. That was short too. But let me add now one word to it—only to give you my testi-

mony, that nothing in all the world is so good as the knowledge and love of Christ, and no pleasure that can be enjoyed equal to the joy of serving him with all one's heart. As long as religion stops short of that, it may be duty and it may be ceremony, or it may be fear,—but it is not joy and peace. Whoever will let Christ have the *whole*—heart and life and all,—*he* finds what it means to be rich and glad, with a gladness that nothing can spoil and nothing earthly can take away. I would you might know this joy! I have been learning to know more and more of it for many a year, growing brighter and sweeter as the years went on.

Forgive me saying so much—which perhaps you know already, and believe me,

Most cordially yours,

SUSAN WARNER.

MARTLAER'S ROCK.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Nov. 25, 1884.

MY DEAR MISS STOKES,

. . . Your most kind invitation gives us the sincerest gratification. We cannot accept it according to the letter, for it is five and a half years now since my sister and I have been able to go away from home both

at once. We never leave my aunt alone a night without one of us. But if you will let me come without my sister (the best half of me) I will hope to be with you some day next week. *What* day must depend in part on our time of getting away from here. If Friday shall be favourable, we hope to move on that day; but if it be windy we cannot take my aunt over the river and must wait. If we move on Friday, I might come to you Wednesday—but you see I cannot at this moment speak definitely and must hope to write you more certainly in a few days. What a pleasure it would be to either of us to be a few days in your hospitable home and to carry forward (as we hope) the friendship so kindly begun by you, I can hardly tell you in words. . . .

With kindest regards to your sister, believe me

Very gratefully and affectionately yours,

SUSAN WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Feb. 17, 1885.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . We shall begin to look out for you. Along with violets, blue birds, and other sweet things. And

I do hope, for a visit not quite so much like the all-night calls of some of the winged migratory creatures.

With warmest love,

ANNA B. WARNER.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

April 4, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS STOKES,

I thank you for your very kind letter. And I had been meaning to write to you, even before it came; for they tell me that you were one of the friends who brought such exquisite flowers for my darling—and I fear my rejection of them must have seemed very ungracious. But I had hardly endured flowers, all through her illness; and that day—I was bearing all that I could bear.

I am sure you forgive me.

Perhaps, sometime, if we are still at the Island, you will come again to see those that are left. And oh, if her memory is sweet—if her words come back to you with new weight,—let them bear fruit! In new consecration, in deeper knowledge of Christ, in gladder walking with him, the whole day long.

I know how my darling enjoyed being with you,—the talks, the friendly intercourse; the most thoughtful, hospitable care.

Please give my love to your sister, and believe that
I am

Your very true friend,
ANNA B. WARNER.

I give you her motto: "Life, is to do the will of God."

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

123 EAST 21ST ST.,¹
April 1, 1886.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . I do not yet know what I can do, nor what I shall be fit for. Sometimes my heart dies away within me, when I think of really going home—which I ought to do at least by the 13th of April;—sometimes I feel as if I could not bear it a single minute. And but that I know the Lord can keep me, wherever I ought to be, I might drop my hands and give up everything at once. So I am trying to go simply step by step,—according to the dear old words:

"Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath."

¹ This letter was written from the home of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus W. Field. Miss Susan Warner had died on March 17, 1885, and Aunt Fanny Warner on October 31, 1885.

How little people know what a ceaseless tide of pain rolls under the quiet surface of my life! The Lord somehow keeps down the waves, and stills the breakers,—and yet when people say, Come and cheer me up—I think, how little they know! Some days I seem to do nothing but ache. And yet, Sarah, the quiet is real. Heaven is so much better than earth, and the Lord's will so much sweeter than my own,—I am content, content, if my heart does break. . . .

With all love,

A. B. WARNER.

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
May 8, 1886.

MY DEAR MISS STOKES,

I was in town last week, and wanted to come in person and thank you for the Easter lilies; but my stay was too short. Several times before when I went to New York, I was told that you were in Bermuda.

The lilies look as if they were photographed,—is that true? Thank you very much for so fair a remembrance.

I wish I might hope to see you and Miss Carrie here this summer. In the changed state of everything, I sometimes fear to ask friends who once liked to come,—yet the region is lovely as ever; and I should be so glad

to see you. You will think of it; and whenever it can be pleasant to yourselves, then you must come.

Please give my love to your sister, and believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
Aug. 15, 1886.

MY DEAR MISS STOKES,

I have to thank you for a very kind letter; which I should have answered sooner, had I been quite sure what to say to the invitation that it brought. Newport is an especially tempting place to me,—and indeed I know well how much pleasure you would contrive for me anywhere. But I shrink from long journeys, particularly in hot weather; so that I hardly dare promise to come. At present I could not, for I have friends coming here.

I have never been at Newport; but my mother spent the summers of her young life there, and so I have always loved the name. And I enjoy the seaside.

Last week Mrs. Field¹ carried me off to the mountains back of Rondout, for a breath of stronger air than the river level can give. And there we had piled-up

¹ Mrs. Cyrus W. Field.

blankets, and wood fires (also piled-up) and snow flurries!—But it was all charming.

Please give my love to your sister, and feel very sure that your welcome here does not wear out with waiting.

I am, dear Miss Olivia,

Very gratefully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
May 23, 1887.

MY DEAR MISS STOKES,

It was a change to come from your kind care of me, to looking after my own welfare and comfort. How many times in these last busy days, I have thought of your look and your voice and your kindness. If you found it hard to rouse me to much demonstration, yet be sure that nothing passed by unnoticed.

I send you the names of a few books, good I think, for all sorts of readers. If I add to the list two or three little volumes of my sister's writing,—*Walks from Eden*, and the rest of the set (published by the Carters) it is because travellers in the East have found them a help—which proves that they illustrate well.

I hope you will send me word of your plans, and when I may hope to see you and Miss Carrie here. . . .

With very warm love and thanks, I am,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.

Sep. 20, 1887.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . Perfect weather; very busy hands in a silent house. . . . I have not stirred from home; even to weddings in Maine and Maryland. Some of these boys think they can't get married comfortably, unless I look on. . . .

With ever so much love to you all,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.¹

Jan. 5, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

. . . I wish you two dear ladies could come up and spend the day with me. That is a very niggardly

¹ Cottage at West Point next to West Point Hotel and owned by the hotel.

sounding invitation; but I have no sleeping quarters here that I should like to put you in. I *can* stow a friend away, but it is rather roughing it, for her. But my sitting room is warm and bright, with the exquisite up-river view from two windows, and I would do all I could to make the day pleasant. So if ever you feel like a breath of mountain air, will you come?

Words are but little, as I said— And yet they do mean something, when I tell you that I am, with very grateful love,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

WEST POINT, N. Y.

March 27, 1888.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . I have had rather a burdened heart, of late,—other people's sorrows quicken my own;—so that I have been very tired. And the weather has shut me up pretty closely, and that you know tires one.

The summing up of all which, is that I have been in a nest of comfort; wonderfully cared for from day to day; with my hands overflowing with the sweetest work.

I take shame to myself, that I even speak of being tired. . . .

Yours . . .

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.

April 7, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

No, I *cannot* manage it. I have been trying, ever since your letter came; but I do not see how I can possibly be away next week.

If the river were still frozen, I would go without question,—but the storm of two nights ago has cleared away even the drift ice,—and that means that I too must move.

Not next week indeed; that would be hardly possible: but next week I should do all the packing and putting up, ready for the men to carry off on Monday the 16th, if that is a good day. I have no one competent to do it for me, except of course the wrapping and tying up of what little furniture I brought over. And I am not strong enough to rush my part through in a day.

Dear Miss Olivia, I am sorry enough. Don't you think perhaps there will be some other week when you will be at leisure and in the mood for me? Because I

do want to come. But even if that must wait a good while, I shall still have the pleasant thought of what your kindness planned and my busy hands could not take up.

With much love to you and to Miss Carrie—

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.

April 17, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

At the risk of sending off somewhat unsightly writing, from my tired fingers, I must at once answer your very kind letter.

Perhaps you have not seen anybody in a good while, more ready to be “captured” than I. Packing and moving, as well as fighting a rather severe cold—(it was good you did not have me on your hands last week!)—have made me all ready for play—even a chase after butterflies; and I very earnestly hope to go to you on the 23rd.

Tomorrow, if it does not storm, I expect to get away from my West Point cottage; and that will give me three clear days at home for the first needful affairs. I know of nothing in especial that need detain me longer.

So with good hope that this very "pleasant plan"
may be carried out, I am, dear Miss Olivia,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
May 2, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

I fear you will think that I am sick in bed,—which is not at all the case: on the contrary, I call myself much better. But I have not tried to write letters, or do much of anything, since I came home; and still feel rather pulled down and "shaky"—as you may see from some of these black marks.

I'm afraid, my dear friends, that I was but a sorry guest last week; in the state I was. But if I was not well enough to do my part, in some ways, I was quite aware how fully and tenderly you did yours. From first to last, there was nothing left out. And it is very sweet to remember, as it was to feel at the time.

The little book has been quite a help, in these doing-nothing hours. I think I should like to talk it over with you. All the week was *so* pleasant, in spite of my being half sick. I came home very smoothly, and the

trunk was all right; and I have partly devoured my "grape fruit."

"Jane"¹ will not mind my scratched writing, when she takes the letter in to you—as I hope she will. I wish I could see it in her white teeth. But I reflect with sorrow on the honest little "astrachan muff" turned fashionable! Does that small dog enjoy the change?

Now my dear friends, you know you are to choose the time for coming, and then let me know. Give me all the days you can spare from pleasanter things. And please tell your brother that (even though we do not agree about dogs) yet I feel as if we were quite good friends; and I will give him a cordial welcome here, whenever he will come.

With warm love to you both—

Very faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

26 WEST 31ST ST.,

NEW YORK,

May 16, 1888.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . The Natal lily is sending up a great flower-head bud; and the flowers will begin to open directly.

¹ An intelligent French poodle, whose hair was cut in approved French fashion.

So you had better go up with me Friday, or come up next week, and seat yourself in the piazza to watch the fair things. . . .

With ever so much love,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
May 24, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

It is so pleasant to be just a little bit "mixed up" with you, and so pleasant that you should like to have me,—I hardly know how to say no. But you must remember that this is a new sort of work to me: and so, if I take it up, you must be upon honour to disapprove and refuse if you see fit.

I do not think I can possibly go to town again on Monday. Wednesday is Decoration Day, when Mrs. John Lindley has promised to bring up a friend, unless something prevents. Indeed, for the next fortnight I ought to be constantly at home. Yet I should like to know *about* what size the book¹ must be, and a little more in detail as to the work to be done. I think you and Miss Carrie had better come up here, and then we

¹ This letter refers to *Memories of James Stokes and Caroline Phelps Stokes* which Miss Warner arranged for private publication.

can talk it over at our leisure. I suppose I ought to ask these questions before deciding quite.

I hope to clear off a small book to the printers before very long; which will leave my hands in a measure free.

Please say also (unless you can come up) just when the book should be ready.

I'd like to go down to your welcome and my fair room, but see not how.

With warm love to you both—

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

WEST POINT, N. Y.

March 6, 1889.

MY DEAR SARAH,

The winter has gone by like an express train, but loaded as if it had been a freight. I have been *so* busy, with two printers at work, and the throng of letters that *must* not delay. . . .

They keep me busy, these gray uniforms. Last Saturday I had Nebraska to dinner; Tennessee, Kansas, Michigan, New York, and New Jersey to call; and to tea—Illinois, Delaware, Wisconsin, South Carolina,

Minnesota and Ohio. What do you think of that, for a tea party? . . .

The river is broken up, but full of drift ice. . . .

With warmest love,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.

June 20, 1889.

DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

First, I think the only way will be to return the Ms. by express. I had hoped to be in town for a day, but may not before you go.

I agree entirely to your alterations, some of which I should have made myself, only for not liking to tamper with the work of other hands, and those not the hands of strangers. And so you see, dear friends, there *could* not be much of my writing; for the accounts were very full, and I knew you had reasons for loving them all, just as they stood.

I will push on the work just as fast as I can. But I have so many responsibilities to meet and care for, that any extra must needs sometimes wait a little. This must sound strange to you dear people of free hands, but it is true.

I am sorry—selfishly—that you are going so far away; even though I might not see you a bit the more, if you were at home. But all my friends scatter to such distances, that summer time finds me with a very wide margin of vacant space about me.

You are too late for the midnight sun,—but Norway was always a delightful place to my imagination, and I hope you may have weeks full of delight.

With much love to you both,

Very faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

May I give you for a travelling motto—Acts 8.4.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
June 25, 1889.

MY DEAREST SARAH,

. . . I like the shark's tooth very much, and it has gone into my cabinet to keep company with the fourth part of a mammoth's tooth which stands there. . . . My flowers are in delightful bloom. . . .

With much love, dear friend. . . .

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.
Aug. 2, 1889.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

It was *very* pleasant to see your familiar handwriting and to read your kind words. I have less to do than usual, this summer, with my special friends. Some have been sick, and some in sorrow,—and some too gay! And some have gone off into the mountains, and some across the sea. So that since the summer fairly set in, I have been living a very solitary life; with enough little roughnesses to make a change, indeed, but not just of the refreshing sort. That was always to me an exceeding fair promise: “The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.” Those things which our human tongues call “needless,” have always a little special disagreeableness of their own.

It is a shame for me to give you two pages of anything that looks like grumbling. But indeed I do not mean it so: I have really nothing to tell of but the Lord's loving and most tender care. “There hath not a word failed, of all his good promises.”

Dear friends, I am very glad you are enjoying yourselves across seas; and I do hope the coaxing has brought Mattie,¹— and I just wish I could have a hand in the talk for an hour or two. . . .

¹ Miss Martha Lindley.

This is a poor little scrap to send in return for your nice letter, but I am a little tired out with the long hot weather. And at the rate the days run on, you will be tossing homeward again, the first thing I know—so I'll send it.

With much love to you both and for Mattie,
from

A. B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Nov. 14, 1889.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . I just want to put out my hand and touch somebody this morning.

Dear, I am not going to sit and think. I am going at my packing with all the will I have. Should move next week, I think, only that Bertha begs so hard to have me for Thanksgiving. And it is so sweet here, that I am slow to go. . . .

I've been to two quite pieces of dissipation—for me—lately. The first, was the scene in the Mess Hall over here, when the portraits of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were formally presented to the U. S. M. A. with speeches and music; the delegates to the International Convention, and a host of other people, for spectators.

And as we all stood up at the national airs, and as the people, (the men) shouted and swung their hats for Sherman and at sundry points in the speeches, it was rather exciting. . . .

Your faithful,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

LAKE MOHONK,

July 31, 1890.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH,

You see where I am—and I wish you were here too: only you would not be strictly *here*, just now; seeing it is 7. A.M. and I am alone on the piazza, in the fresh morning air. Poor people!—you, and these three hundred at my back, who know nothing of the charms of this time of day.

I could not come last week, and not until Tuesday, of this: so I have been here but thirty-six hours.

No, dear, the short journey to see you on your way did me no harm: I think it was a help. I did feel desperately inclined to do unwise things, when I came back without my dear companion; but tears are an expensive luxury to weak heads, and so I kept myself in order. But my dear, you talk of my doing things for you,—and I have just been scolding myself that I did

nothing. I have cooked so many things for you, in imagination, since then; and taken you walks, and given you tea fights.

Well, if you could have staid longer, you would have had this last, to your heart's content. You came too early (at least did not stay late enough) for now comes on the time of year when people get a craze for the Island, and nothing else will do.

You went Monday. Wednesday, Mrs. Wilson and her sister came over to lunch. Saturday, I had uniforms to dinner. Before they went, came Rev. Mr. R. from Cold Spring. Before he went, came two girls from Brooklyn, strangers. When they were all at last cleared away, it was late. I changed my dress, ran about putting away dishes and getting out Sunday things; hurrying to get through and copy off my Bible class notes, when, behold, a rap! My heart sank, I will own,—but it was only a little bit of ministration. A young bicycler (Mrs. Cochrane's oldest son) just from Northfield, and having gone on his own wheel 66 miles that day, and in need of something better than a hotel for over Sunday.

Sunday afternoon, seeing two suspicious people coming up the walk, I backed into the house. They sent in a card with some Fifth Avenue No. on it, although Bertha informed them that I did not receive on Sundays. Of course I endorsed that. Thereupon, they questioned Bertha and Buckner (or the man did:

I think he must have been a reporter) within an inch of their lives. My age, my income, the number of rooms in the house, the amount raised in the garden, were a few of the simple questions. Just think, if you had only been there, I could have made you "pose" for me.

Tuesday, came Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Hankey, and Miss Windate, to lunch. Wednesday, Mrs. and Miss Benjamin, ditto. Saturday, boys were to have come, but some contingencies stepped in. I also had an invitation to go up to Cold Spring to lunch and tennis—and didn't go.

But I am forgetting. Mrs. Benjamin came Wednesday. That day I had a note from Mrs. Thomas at Highland Falls, begging leave to bring a party up Thursday afternoon; or if not fair, then Friday: and both days had been rainy. And all these days I had been working like two beavers to get my Ms. revision finished, and the book sent off. That was *the* reason I did not try to come here last week. I almost gave it up entirely—but Miss Olivia begged I would come this week instead: Monday, if possible. Found I could not do that,—some Ms. still remaining; but would try for Tuesday. Monday midday, Buckner brought over *another* note from Mrs. Thomas: might they come *that* afternoon?—if it was quite convenient. I had to laugh.

Well, we had bread in the house, and plenty of blackberries, and nearly the whole of a mound of cake I had

made for Saturday: and at five o'clock the boat should go. Meantime, Bertha had gone to Cold Spring to see a sick child; and certainly, I flew round "*some*." At five o'clock they came, seven strong. But the bread held out, and the berries, and the cake (it wasn't much of a mound then) and Bertha got back in time to serve tea;—and the dear people staid till near eight o'clock, and didn't know what to say, for pleasure.

And I shut up the house and went to bed.

Tuesday morning it first rained, then cleared. I tied up my Ms. for the express; finished packing in a very promiscuous way; got off—and finally, by 3.30 up here. Pretty tired then, but rested now, though yesterday was hot. I should tell you, that just as I left home, a letter came from Mrs. Herrick, asking if she and her nephew might come this week to spend Sunday. See all you have missed!

Col. Wilson sent me the kindest, most graciously worded permission, to have the gray uniforms come over as much as I like. Fairly took my view, and gave in.

I am getting in want of my breakfast, as my handwriting shows.

Dear, your letters are a great pleasure. "Spoil you?" Did you think I did? Child, I thought I took no care of you at all. I had been so tired, and in such pressure, that I think my wits did not work. I remembered so many things afterwards that I might have done. I'd

like to spoil you, if I had a chance. 'Till I do, I wish you would try your hand at spoiling yourself—Just a little. Will you, please? What should I have done yesterday, in the heat, if somebody had not brought Miss Offer to make me a silk waist that should be *comme il faut*?—If my spelling is growing hazy, I had better stop. Please give my love to your father and mother, and kiss yourself two times.

Ever yours,

A. B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Nov. 19, 1890.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

You are very kind indeed to plan such a pleasure for me, and I would like it more than I can tell. And the rest and change would do me no end of good. But I cannot possibly clear the way.

For next week comes Thanksgiving,—and in one of the next following two days, I ought to move over into winter quarters. For then comes December, with possible ice and snow, which make wild work with moving.

Well, you do not see what this has to do with my

going to Lenox.—No, my dear friends, it would not, for you. But for me, with only Bertha in the house, and she half laid up, the moving involves a good deal of previous hard work; for everything must go through my hands: putting away, and pulling out, and packing. And I am not strong enough to rush things through, and can only do so much a day. It is a real disappointment to say no.

Suppose, later on, after I get settled, you and Miss Carrie try a week at the Point? Not in my cottage, alas, for I have but four rooms for everything. But I am *close* by the hotel, and my sitting room is a lovely place to work and talk. That is the best I can think of.

With love and many thanks,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Dec. 23, 1890.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

Pretty busy, and pretty tired, I must still take time to tell you of my blessedly peaceful journey home. First, Miss Carrie's sweet presence at the station, and Michael's good care; then a cool car, not very full, a

quiet river, and no ice to signify. To be sure, there was a tired person, by the end of the day;—but I slept well, went safe through Sunday's work; and have despatched a good deal of more earthly business since. . . .

My dear friends, you are very sweet to me, and I think there is not a grain of the sugar untasted.

With much love, and warmest Christmas wishes,—I am,

Faithfully yours,
ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.
Jan. 3, 1891.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

However did it come into your sweet Christmas thoughts to put such a dainty bit of adornment in my little workroom? The cushion is utterly charming,—but I am wondering whether Miss Carrie beguiled me round, that day, showing me things for a purpose? Naughty Miss Carrie!—if she did.

If I were going to have my portrait painted, I would have that cushion by my side, and the silken spread (I'm not sure of its technical name) half over me. Then should I go down to future years, as a person of ease, luxury, and leisure. See what fibs a picture

might tell, just because it left out my two dear friends! But there are no fibs about my thanks; they are true, and deep, and loving.

About the records—I will go over to the Library, and see what I can find about regiments and the names of their Colonels. . . .

I may see you next week. Mrs. Ely writes to me to come down and finish my visit there; and as this joins hands with some business of my own, I may probably do it. So unless you hear to the contrary, please let any word or message be sent to Mrs. Miller's, after Monday.

Human thoughts make such blunders, sometimes, in their specifications—what can I say to each of you, my dear friends, but—"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!"

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Jan. 27, 1891.

MY DEAR, NAUGHTY SARAH,

. . . As to "Patience"—yes, it was very disappointing to have things turn out so: but seeing they *did*, I could but report truly. What is the use of a true

story, if you make it over into fiction? I am just a chronicler, my lady.

We had a wonderful snow storm, on Sunday. Wonderfully beautiful—but alas, destructive as well. Buckner brings word today of great damage to our beloved trees about the house. “Stormy wind, fulfilling his word,”—I ought not to say, alas!

But it is *so* lovely, after the storm! The river, far as the eye can reach, lies like a great sheet of white paper among the hills: unmarked, unbroken. . . .

Always yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES AND HER SISTER

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Jan. 30, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Since you must go, I can only say: The Lord go with you and keep you, day by day, and bring you safe back once more.

The hyacinths walked in just at nightfall, without introduction,—but I think my mind went back to Miss Olivia’s window, first of all. Thank you *very* much. They came, looking absolutely fresh from the journey, and are preparing to unpack their white and pink and

blue dresses, without delay. They are almost as lovely as they can be, now. . . .

Goodbye, my dear friends,—take care of yourselves,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

WEST POINT, N. Y.

March 17, 1892.

MY DEAR SARAH,

. . . Friday I make cake; Saturday afternoon come callers in gray; Saturday night any number, up to nine, to tea; and Sunday night finds me a pretty tired person. . . .

Very warm love to you all—from

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Jan. 18, 1893.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

I had been thinking to myself, that if only the book kept us within speaking distance, and now we were going to drift apart into space again—why then, I

should be sorry the book was done. And, now comes a beautiful copy of the book itself, to give me a good excuse for writing to you.

How handsome it is!—if only you are as well content with itself as with its looks. Well—I did my best. Tried to. . . .

My dear friends, I wish you would come up and see me. You know you and Miss Carrie do not mind trifles, and it would be something new to cross in a sleigh at Garrisons; or to be transferred from boat to boat through the ice-pack at Weehawken—if you like that better. I can offer you but one sleeping room, and that not a very warm one; but the Hotel is but ten steps off,—and by *day* I know you would like my cottage rooms. And I should be so glad to see you! Will you come?

With much love, and thanks for the book,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,

June 15, 1893.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

To think of my missing you!—Ah, please come again! Any time. Next week—or part of the week—

Capt. and Mrs. Black will probably be here, but you would be sure to like them; and except that Mrs. Judson wants me now and then I am not expecting to go from home again.

It seems to me nobody has enjoyed Chicago as I did: it was a very great pleasure. I saw so much, that I suppose I ought not to cast longing eyes towards all that I could not see.

The basket and apron are charming; thank you, my dear friends, very much. I have been "in a muse," as Bunyan says, to think what dress and what work are dainty enough for such company.

Tell dear Miss Carrie, that I had a sudden raid made upon my photographs, and so must ask her to wait for hers until I can have some more struck off. And so for those of my darling. I can do it, I hope, before long.

Dear Miss Olivia, when you come, I want to consult you upon one or two business points of which we have spoken. But especially I want to *see* you both.

So, with much love and some hope—

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

To MISS STOKES AND HER SISTER

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
June 28, 1895.

MY TWO DEAR FRIENDS,

It is wonderfully pleasant to hear of your coming home! Now I do not forget the numberless claims upon you; the many beautiful houses where you are due: and yet I shall venture to put in my plea.

Please do not overlook the Island, in your arrangements. I know the heart-welcome will be here, whenever you can come. And as I do not expect to be away, you can choose your own time, absolutely. And the longer you can stay, the more joy for me.

Gladly and faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

To MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK.
July 9, 1895.

SARAH, DEAR . . . you must not worry over me, Sarah. It has been a hard two years, for many people; and of course copyrights run out, and books do not sell, (in these times:) unless books of "advanced

thought," which I do not write. But it is all good schooling,—and the promises stand. . . .

Your faithful,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.

Jan. 20, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

The glass and I had a most safe and prosperous journey. I name the glass first—not as holding that place in your mind, but as being seemingly the most fragile, and so running the most risk.

Bertha was here, with fires and lunch all ready for me; and several gray coats came in to keep me busy, later on.

Yesterday was fair and quiet, with a little flicker of snow at the end; and the day's work reeled off without let or hinderance.

It is solitary here, in this cottage; but very peaceful; and my hands are full of work. Today I have been getting out my Christmas things, and placing them here and there. I meant to have asked the nationality of that dainty bit of striped stuff you sent me.

My two dear friends, I thank you very much for these

last days spent with you; and for all your sweet care of me, and plans to give me pleasure. Petting goes to my heart: I used to have so much of it, in the blessed old days.

But these days are blessed too; and if in a different way, yet now—as formerly—“my cup runneth over.” “Good is the word of the Lord which he hath spoken.”

With love true and faithful, I am, always

Yours

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
May 28, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

Your letter could hardly surprise me, after what I had heard you say; but disappointed I certainly am, very much. It has been so good to see you again! I did hope for more of the same pleasure. Well, dear friends, I hope the pleasure will come to you, in abundance: pleasure, and good, and strength. And if spare days *should* come, I expect to be stationary here, for all summer, if I live.

About the Island, I must wait a little before answering your question. When I was in Washington the

subject came up; and I was told that the leading Engineer officers are much in favour of the purchase of the Island, for new Engineer headquarters. I suppose it will not be wise for me to dispose of any part of it, until the Government makes up its mind. I will ask Mr. Lindley, but I think he would say so. Hard as the process will probably be, I suppose I ought to wait for it. Do not you think so?

Yes, that was a lovely little bit of a visit. I sent Miss Carter a cheque for \$13. (the lace money rounded up a little by one or two of the ladies); so that I hope she did not count it lost time in any sense.¹

With much love, my dear friends,

Very faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
June 22, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

I send the receipt—one of Aunt Fanny's special favourites in our old Ms. receipt book. *Not* send it?

¹ This letter refers to a pleasant talk made by Miss Sybil Carter for the Indian Association, at Martlaer's Rock, which was attended by ladies from West Point and Garrison, and orders were obtained for lace made by the Indians.

for any possible "reason?" My dear friend, I wonder what there is that you could ask that I would not do for your pleasure! I only wish I could make the cake for you, whenever on the long journey you would like to have it. There are no special directions given for the making; I have told our ordinary way.

It is very sorrowful to think that you are really going. Ah yes, I do hope the Lord's good pleasure will keep us all to see each other again, even in this world. But either way, you know a little I hope, how dearly and gratefully I hold you both in my heart.

Bertha has been much stirred to hear of your plan. Every now and then since your letter came, she suddenly sighs out: "And Miss Olivia is going away!" My dear friends, I shall think of you, and pray for you, and love you, while I live; Goodbye!

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Nov. 26, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

I have been promising myself that when Thanksgiving came, I would *take* time, and write to you. And

now on this misty, mild November day, I give thanks for the kind friends who never forget to think of me, even with the thousands of miles between.

I am sitting alone in the old room—as we call it: the room that Miss Carrie said she liked: with only Scamp and the wood fire to bear me company. And I had better let my thoughts busy themselves anywhere, rather than with the years gone by. Yet I give deepest thanks for those years, with their exceeding blessedness; but I cannot look at them much.

My dear friends, you cannot think how pleasant your little tokens of remembrance are to me. But no letter reached me from the Sandwich Islands, as you thought. From Miss Olivia's letter in May (I think) telling that you were to go, I had no word until Canon Tristram's book on Japan came in. I had been very sick for weeks with bronchitis; was slowly recovering then; and I cannot begin to tell you how I enjoyed that book. I could not work, was forbidden to see and talk to people; and so hour after hour I lay on my back on the sofa, and read. It was so good of you to send it to me. . . .

I am very much myself again, now; and beginning to pack and get ready for moving over to winter quarters.

You see I have very much to give thanks for. It is such a joy to get back to work again; and so many sweet and pleasant things dress out the days. . . .

My dear friends, I pray that the Lord may keep you

joyfully, and bring you back safe. With much love, I am,

Always yours,
ANNA B. WARNER.

If I begin this second sheet, after apparently ending my letter, you must please excuse such irregular proceedings. I remembered that I had told you nothing about my flowers,—and they have been so fine. In the flowery lands as you are, I am sure you will like to hear of the roses and the great beds of mignonette at home. Even now, this 28th day of November, there are exquisite buds just opening out, in my flower borders. One had better not talk of chrysanthemums, to ladies fresh from Japan, but they have been fine too. And all through the summer I have had such lovely old fashioned bloom: Sweet sultan, and scabious, and larkspur, and corn flowers; along with the more brilliant geraniums and other foreign beauties.

It was a wonderful summer for poor sick me. No heat, to speak of; no storms; and yet rain enough to keep the lawn always fresh. By the way, I wonder if you will meet my dear little green Bengal rose, this winter? I have been putting in a few simple bulbs for spring blooming, and a few in pots to cheer up my winter rooms. Do you remember the hyacinths you sent off to me one year, when you were going away?

I hope the winter will be as sweet to you as a winter

can be, away from home. You see I put that in, for I want you to come back. And I want, if I may, to live to see you. . . .

The election result has been a great joy: I could not face the thought of the "free silver" dishonour. Mrs. Belcher, at Garrisons, promised that if the news was good by the early mail Wednesday morning, the ferry-boat should blow her whistle long and loud. And I was watching it from four o'clock. And when at last the news burst forth,—again, and again, and again, I nearly cried for joy. There! Goodbye.

TO MISS STOKES AND HER SISTER

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

Jan. 18, 1897.

DEAR MISS OLIVIA AND MISS CARRIE,

Let me begin with pleasure, letting business wait a little, and tell you first of all how glad I am that you think of me,—away off across seas as you are.

The mere fact would be a very sweet Christmas token; but with that have come the two lovely photographs, for which I thank you very much. . . .

As for the Washington . . . that is not for sale. Years ago, dear friends, we talked it over at home, and decided to give it ourselves to West Point; and I cannot change that. I should have sent it over at once, I

think, when I was first left alone, only for the extreme difficulty of in any way changing my home at the Island, and the need then was to help my life in every way. . . .

Dear Miss Olivia, forgive my delay in writing. There has been much pressure upon me, that has somewhat hindered letters. I hope that as my powerless love is with you all,—the double party,¹—so may the Lord's strong hand, more loving, all powerful, hold you safe.

Dear friends all,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

WEST POINT, N. Y.

March 20, 1897.

DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

Your letter is very kind and comforting. . . . Never since I have lived alone, have I found it anything like so hard to meet the living expenses, as this winter. Books do not sell in these hard times,—Lippincott's January account was almost nothing: and ways and means that in general I could count upon, are this year

¹ This refers to Mrs. Clarence Mitchell and her three daughters who were in India at the same time as my sister, my brother and myself, and whom we met several times.

beyond my reach. And everybody wants his money at once! . . .

Now for the other side of the winter (much the biggest) I have been quite well, without even a cold. With no regular servant in my cottage, but only a girl coming in on certain days to do certain things. Several times I have been to New York, to spend a few days with some friend. . . .

My cadet class has given me plenty of work and study; and lately one of the ladies here has set up a Bible reading, and put me in charge. And I am beginning to pack up, and hope to move over to the Island next week.

Dear Miss Olivia, the book came; but before I had time to do more than open it, I found that the Chaplain would much like to have it in his hands. So I let him take it first. You will not scold me?

Too much about myself, but it seemed needful.

My dear friends, I trust you are having the loveliest sort of a trip, in health and strength and interest. Yes, wouldn't I like to see it all! Only I should be just a nuisance: always getting tangled up in some old pile of stones, and never ready to move on.

Warmest love to you both, and to the dear people in the old Moorish house.¹

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

¹ Mrs. Clarence Mitchell and her daughters.

TO MISS STOKES AND HER SISTER

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
May 19, 1897.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

Let me go back and thank you first of all for the Ceylon photographs of the tea, and tea plantations. They are very interesting to see, and very useful to *show*. All sorts of things work into my work.

Then followed (at some distance) a box of the tea itself: very excellent and very welcome. It has a curious double fragrance (I mean the tea) as I take it at my solitary breakfast, and think of you. It came on the day which brought me your two letters, by the same mail. . . .

Ah, wouldn't I like to be "alongside;" on a camel—or a donkey—or my own feet; in that same "desert sand!" I wonder if you are there now?—or perhaps back in England for the Queen's festival. Are you both well? Is the journeying very delightful still? And when are you coming home? But you may not know.

I have been very well all winter, and am very very busy now at home. Ah I wish you were here! amid snowballs, and wrens, and orioles, and the dark green cedars. Will it ever be, I wonder, while I live? . . .

Do you know anything of a painter named Laville? In the *Strand* magazine for December or January last,

there is given a picture by Laville: and it is the very same composition as my *Ecce Homo*. A few differences mark the copyist. There is no figure of Pilate, and the Lord's face is younger—tamer, if I may use the word; but it is the same composition. This has made me very curious, as a possible means of tracing the authorship of my picture: but no one seems to know anything about Laville.

My dear friends, goodnight. The sun is dipping behind the hills, and the birds are hurrying home—goodnight! With warmest love—

Your faithful

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

HOTEL COTTAGE,
Feb. 4, 1898.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

If you have been at Lakewood all this week, you must have fared better than the people in town. Up here, both storm and cold were very severe; and the cold has not much abated, yet; but I have been very comfortable. I had plenty of work, with enough supplies for fire and table; and some of the days were really magnificent: though of course much going out was im-

possible, from my situation across the plain. I was kept in from Sunday till yesterday. But then the fresh air came in, pretty freely, to see me!

Thank you, dear friend, for your kind letter: it is always a refreshment to see your handwriting.

Yes, there is as much need as ever for me to dispose of what I can; but nothing can be done about the old Bible^{*} just now, because it is at the Island. People are indeed crossing on the ice,—Buckner came over today: but it is a cold, rough walk and I doubt if I had best try it. However, spring is not very far away, and then we can see.

I wish I could have put in your hand a bunch of my Chinese lily blossoms: they have been so fair and sweet. Hyacinths come on rather slowly, in such weather.

How I wish you could be up here for a time! If I had a spare room, I would try what coaxing would do. It would be so good to have you within reach. And my quarters here are really very bright and homelike, after I get my own things about, and hide a little the few that are left for my use. . . .

With warmest love to you and dear Miss Carrie—and a pat to Tip and Solomon, (or Suleyman?)—

Your very faithful

A. B. WARNER.

^{*} This refers to what is known as the Breeches Bible which now belongs to the Martelaer's Rock Association and is at the Island.

LETTERS

III

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK

Feb. 10, 1899.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

It is good to hear from you; although you tell the twofold bad news: that you are not well, and that you are going still further away. And I am very sorry for both.

I wrote to Miss Carrie, while I was with Mrs. Lee; hoping to go and see you when I went to stay at Mrs. Miller's. Then Bertha got tonsilitis, and I was very suddenly summoned home. She is all over that now, and is improving generally. . . .

Yes, it has been a strange, sober winter. . . . But day by day, brings one safe through, in the Lord's good time. Some how, some where. Bertha's sister cannot stay very much longer, she says; and I have to find some one to take her place. For Bertha will need to be very, very careful, for a good while to come. . . . Yes, I have been "thoughtful of her," as you say: but no one knows the faithful ministry to me, for all these years that I have lived alone: I could not tell it.

Thank you, my dear friend, for the *Atlantic Monthly*: I was going to write to you about it.

With much love, and trusting you are already better, I am, always, dear Miss Olivia,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
March 27, 1899.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

I know you will be very glad to hear that I had a safe, quiet journey home. The river was not what you call "quiet," as we tossed and tumbled round the point of the Island; but I did not mind that.

Bertha seems to have gained, since I went away; and goes out for a little walk every fine day.

There was so much snow yesterday morning, that Mr. Lyons did not come for me; and so of course I did not go to the Point.

I cannot tell you all my thanks, dear friend, for the quiet, comforting days with you. Nothing touched the rest, but the shadow of my own home complications; and that could not spoil the sunshine.

I hope you are feeling very bright and well, this morning; and that *Abigail* will prove very interesting by and by: just now, it is only your breakfast time. I wish I could hear the reading. . . .

Goodbye for today, my dear friend. I hope you enjoy your ministry, as much as do those to whom it comes,

Very gratefully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
May 9, 1899.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

I have a small handful of things to talk about today: but first of all, come the oranges.

They are too like those you once sent me from California, to have come from anyone but you; and I cannot tell you how good they are. I have had a sort of cry in me for fruit, this year; and had been especially, of late, wishing for oranges. No, not exactly "wishing for" (I am not much given to that) but thinking how good they would be. I have been having very busy, fatiguing days: and now every night at tea I take an orange with my bread and butter; and—as they say in the *Arabian Nights*—it "opens my eyes." You can guess a little how I thank you. . . .

I trust, dear friend, that you are growing well and strong again; and that dear Miss Carrie is at home once more, to hasten on the cure. And I do hope, very much, that whatever house has the boon of your presence for the summer, the old home on the Island may have at least a share.

Things are better here at present; and the outer world is glorious. Robins and wrens and orioles cannot say it often enough.

114 SUSAN AND ANNA WARNER

Goodbye, my dear friends, with the warmest love
and thanks.

Faithfully yours,
ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
April 23, 1900.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

. . . It has been a wonderfully beautiful month of
weather; the grass is of the deepest green; and I wish
you could see my Blue bells. Snowdrops are past,
Daffodils just coming. . . .

Always faithfully yours,
ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS CAROLINE PHELPS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Sep. 10, 1900.

MY DEAR MISS CARRIE,

It was good to hear from you, and to know your
whereabouts: I had half fancied you might be abroad.

And from what you say, you must have been outside of the dry time that has visited us. However, that is broken up now, and my roses are taking courage to bloom once more.

I wrote to Mr. Gilmore on Saturday, inviting him to the class, and yesterday he came. He seems to be a pleasant fellow: I like his looks and bearing very much. No, I never knew either his father or grandfather, except by name. These silly paragraphs about me and my concerns which have been going the round of the papers, and have hardly a line of truth in them, credit me with knowing a great many people with whom I never exchanged a word in my life. You see, I refused to be interviewed by some ——— reporters,—and then they were cross, and made up what they liked, and other papers copied with variations. And everybody has kept sending them to me: they're beginning to come now from England. Well, it does not matter much.

As for myself, about whom you inquire so kindly, I am very well—and about as thin as I can be. Heated days generally make me grow thin. But I was able to work straight on, with no regard to the mercury. In fact, I was too busy and engrossed to pay much heed to its variations. . . .

My dear friends, I wish I could hope to see you here this fall. I know, the Island shows very small, after all the great places; but our hills are very fair; and there

is truest welcome for you here, and love that is very deep and warm. Think about it.

Very faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Dec. 5, 1900.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

Your dear little note was a comfort. I have come against so many sorrowful things lately, that soft touches are very healing.

I hope, dear friend, to be in town next week. Mrs. Lindley (43 East 30th) begged me to come down on the 10th; and there are business reasons—aside from the pleasure—to make me go if I can. It will be delightful to see you; and of course it is always a great pleasure to meet anyone who loves the old books.

Yes, Miss Carrie and I had a fine "spin," as the boys say; and talked over many things.

Thank you for sending the book: it looks full of useful knowledge.

As to "keeping a place for you in my heart," dear Miss Olivia, don't you know that you keep it there yourself? It is yours, while I live. And I am so glad

to believe that you do love me! I think I am very hungry for love, in these days. . . .

Now I must talk no longer to you tonight—though there are many things I should like to tell.

With truest love for you and dear Miss Carrie,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

HOTEL COTTAGE,
March 18, 1901.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

Forgive the busy fingers, that have left you so long unanswered.

The little package walked in one evening as I sat at tea; and as I was rather hungry for something more ethereal than the usual viands, I untied the string between whiles; and then (to get a flavouring of Miss Olivia and Miss Carrie) eat persimmons with my tea.

They are good, and interesting in their novelty; though I think I should never go South for love of *them*. But the “flavouring” was perfect!

So is the little basket,—just as pretty as it can be; and so *very* curious! Do you remember the lecture Dr. McCosh gave us on pine needles, at Mohonk?—that has

been a delight to me, ever since: a glimpse into the mystery of Bible numbers.

I hope dear friends, that the soft Southern air has done you good. . . . We have had here (what *I* like much better) the most intense months of winter weather. Even yet the river ice has not stirred nor broken; and today the snow is again falling. But I have been allowed to buy fuel from the Government; and except a slight cold each, Bertha and I have been quite well. And (I) busy to the last point.

Dear friends, I do not wish your sand hills were here by our granite, but I *do* wish I could now and then see you. The sight of old friends is a wonderful thing. But I have you in the distance,—and I give thanks for that.

With truest love—

Your faithful

A. B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,

April 23, 1901.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

If I could, I would pack my trunk tomorrow, to go to you,—and there is no telling the pleasure and rest

it would be: but it is quite impossible for me to leave home just now.

I have been at home here, on the Island, but five days: *that* would not matter,—I could easily leave the confusion to other hands, if only the hands could be had. But Bertha over-taxed herself, and is pretty miserable today; and of course I cannot leave her alone. Mrs. Lindley is trying to get me a woman in town, but none has come yet.

So my dear friend, you see how it is. The joy of being with you, the reading and talking,—how delightful it all looks, to my tired eyes. And how good you are to ask me. But the Lord's Providence says no, so plainly, that I can only obey. . . .

So many things I should like to tell and talk over with you;—maybe you will come up here and give me another chance.

With love and thanks warm and true, dear Miss Olivia,—I am

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

616 FIFTH AVENUE,

Jan. 10, 1903.

DEAR SARAH, do you think I am never going to thank you for the dear little Calendar?—I have been so busy,

so tired—and so heavy-hearted as well: things have not been done just as they should.

It was a strange six weeks that ended with the Holidays.

Bertha came back on the third of November: and just four days after that, I lost my dear little household friend and companion and pet. I cannot talk much about her, yet. Bertha and I have been, O so lonely!

Then, a week before Thanksgiving, as you know, dear Mrs. Ely left all shadows, for the land of light. . . . But I am very quiet now, and willing—since the Lord thought best. . . .

With all love,

A. B. WARNER

TO MISS STOKES

NEW YORK,
Feb. 17, 1903.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter made quite an excitement.—“O Bertha,” I said, “here is a letter from Miss Olivia.” And Bertha ran about, crying out: “A letter from Miss Olivia!”—You see I had heard no word from you, since many months ago, when you were at Deal.

It is good for Miss Carry—and for you too—that you are not here, in this exceptionally stormy winter: I am

snow-bound now in town, waiting to get home. But otherwise, I suppose I should deem "the dear old house" more attractive than even California roses. . . .

For me, people say on all hands that the Government owns the Island: whereas, the prospect is very dim and uncertain that they ever will. Some Congressman on the Committee fights the purchase as hard as he can, and seems always to gain his point. Perhaps the Lord means me to do something else with it; though as yet I do not see what.

I am over at the old West Point rooms, with Bertha: but our little Scamp is at the Island, beneath the snow. I cannot talk much about that: the grief and loss have been too deep.

Then, just before Thanksgiving, dear Mrs. Ely passed on to health and strength and joy; and two days before Christmas, Mr. Adams went too.

You can see, dear friend, we have had sore hearts this winter. But I have been well, with hands full of things to do: and the Lord knows best.

Bertha is pretty well,—if she did not grieve so much: and I try to meet all demands, on time and strength, and to "give thanks always, for all things." There are so many blessed gleams in life, even among the shadows.

Lately, I am called upon to read aloud, while the West Point ladies sew for the "Fresh Air" fund,—and many other pretty bits of work and service come in my way, for which I am deeply thankful. I wish you and

Miss Carry were a little—no, a good deal nearer,—only that it would not be so well for you.

Shall I ever see you at the Island again?—if I am permitted to go there myself. . . .

With warmest love to you and Miss Carry—I am,
dear Miss Olivia,

Your very faithful

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

The SQUIRRELS,

March 5, 1907.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

If all my thought-of letters to you had been written, you would have had many more than enough: so perhaps it is well that I have had so many other letters to write. But business epistles do not leave one refreshed; and with work one grows tired; and thus the grateful talks with one's friends wait, and get pushed aside.

It was so pleasant to see your handwriting. "Miss Olivia!"—Bertha cried, when I showed her the letter, echoing—or voicing—my gladness.

But you want to know where I am. Last winter and this winter, I have had permission to shelter myself in Mr. Bigelow's house at Highland Falls. Not the small cottage by the gate—which you may remember—but

the family dwelling on the river bank. It was impossible to get quarters at West Point; and so here Bertha and I have lived for two winters, in great peace and comfort. West Point still the P.O. address.

For the rest, ever since my long illness, I have been steadily, constantly, at home,—on the Island. Not able, indeed, to keep it in such order as I like; but enjoying the loveliness that nothing can spoil. And I have been very well. Better since my illness, I think, than for some time before. And Bertha is the most devoted and faithful helper and friend. . . .

On the last day of winter, dear Miss Olivia, I wrote the last pages of my book: The *Memories* about which you ask. Much of it has already gone to England; and as soon as I can get this last part type-written, I hope to send it off. Who will issue it here, I do not yet know. It all goes first, to the hands of Prof. Robertson Nicoll, in London, and I suppose he will arrange the rest. I hope he will let me put in sundry photographs.

About another book question I want to ask your counsel. A whole set of my small books, *Melody of the 23rd Psalm*, *Fourth Watch*, *Up and Down the House*, etc. were in Randolph's hands. He failed, and then died, leaving all in the hands of his son. . . . I think he has sold the plates for old metal, and neither sells, nor publishes anything. There is a frequent demand for the books, and I wish very much to have them once more in print: but publishers are afraid of *old* books. I

believe you know Whittaker,—would he be one to ask? If you can, give me counsel.

Too much about myself and my doings. Dear friends, how are you? Revelling in the flowers, of course: but—yes—I too should miss the snow, and the cold. We have certainly had it, this winter. The river ice was reported (by measurement) four feet thick when March came in. . . .

O there is so much I should like to say!—to talk over with you: but I have chattered long enough for once. Dear friends, I send you my warmest love, and truest thanks, for all your many kindnesses. Think of me, when you smell the roses; as I never read of “the fir tree, and the pine tree and the box together” without thinking of the little book,¹ and you.

Your faithful—

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Sep. 15, 1908.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

I have had crowded hands since your letter came; and besides that a lame eye,—so that for a time I was hardly able to write at all. . . .

¹ A small book entitled *Pine and Cedar* for which Miss Anna Warner wrote the preface.

By this time, dear friend, you must know from the papers, that for all use and enjoyment, my home is still my own; and that *my* little "reservation" will be private and sure; secured against interference. I had asked the Lord to do what he would, with the Island and with me; and to take care of me through it all;—and you see how he has done it. Of course it is a wrench; that must be; but no one could make it easier than Mrs. Sage has done: she has been kindness itself, and thoughtfulness. And thus great comfort and ease have come into my hands,—and I can only wonder and give thanks.

Dear Miss Olivia, please come! There is a launch at Cold Spring which will bring you down and land you at the boat house where a temporary arrangement of posts and timbers has been arranged for just such use. And if you will stay, Bertha and I will do what we can. I am quite sure the boy (is he a boy still?) would vote with me. All youngsters love the Island.

I have grown very thin, this summer—with the heat and other things; but I think you will know me still.

With warm love and thanks, dear friend,

Your faithful

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,

June 4, 1909.

O DEAR MISS OLIVIA!—I, who know so well, find it hard to write to you. But no more pain for her!—the rough winds cannot reach her any more. In the depths of my own desolation, I could give thanks over that, every day.

Think too, what an honour it is, to be “set in the fore-front of the battle;” there to witness—as nowhere else!—to what our dear Lord Jesus can do. To *prove* that our faith is no fable, and our Lord’s strong help, no myth.

Your telegram was a great shock. I had not heard that dear Miss Carrie was more ill and suffering than usual: I had seen no one to tell me. And in the great pressure of work upon my hands, while I thought of you often, and thought of writing; the *business* pen and ink work was so much that my letter never got written.

Are you coming North, dear friend, this summer? I do so much long to see you.

Dr. Prentiss asked me once: “How have you lived, all these years?” And I said: “By a daily miracle.” And he bowed his head, as fully comprehending my words.

And so, dearest friend, I well know that the dear Lord’s wonder-working love is all around you. I might almost call Ps. 71.7 my motto, and yours.

I know, dear Miss Olivia, that you will be glad to hear that my book¹ is printing: fast getting ready for publication. And I am allowed to put in it sixteen pictures. I wish it may be—in a little, little measure, half as sweet to you as it is to me.

With truest love and sorrow—I am,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Sep. 5, 1910.

MY VERY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

Your letter came to my hands late Friday afternoon. And I did not answer it at once, waiting to think what I could do. It was such gladness to hear from you; and to even *imagine* the little visit. But, dear friend, I cannot manage it, this week.

In all this part of the country, the day *after* a holiday is as bad as the day itself, for travelling. Extra trains pushed in; and a most unpleasant throng to fill them.

So there go two days of the week,—and I must be home before Sunday, for my Bible Class. I have turned

¹ *Susan Warner*, by Anna B. Warner.

the question every way, and studied it over; but can only come to the same sorrowful decision: I must stay at home. With what regret, you can hardly guess. I see so very few people, now, who knew me in the old days; or have ever seen those I loved.

And it is always a delight to be with you. I thought at first I could manage it: taking Bertha with me and sending her to the hotel; but I see it is best not.

Dear Miss Olivia, I have had a letter of yours lying here on my desk; waiting to answer till I could know where you were. . . . I am glad you are in old Connecticut: for in spite of emigrants and air ships and automobiles, New England still keeps her identity; and is like no other part of the world, for me.

With much love—and very many thanks, dear friend,
I am

Faithfully yours,
ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Nov. 16, 1911.

DEAR MISS OLIVIA, we are weather-bound,—and have been, all this week. Rain, snow, and very high winds.

So I have had to put off the Canaan business; and worst of all, give up Sharon and the hope of seeing you. I am so sorry! Taken by surprise, too; I thought, (this time) the way was clear. But I have long since ceased to rebel against hinderances.

Dear friend, if you are to be any time in New York, this winter, may I come and see you for an hour there? You see after I am in winter rooms at West Point, the way to the Station is easy. And for the Christmas tide, I have promised to be in New York at a friend's house, if I can. Will you be in town then?

I hope the day is fair, with you: it is brilliant here,—but such a wind!

Goodbye, dear Miss Olivia,—with many, many thanks and regrets,

Your faithful

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS STOKES

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
WEST POINT, N. Y.

July 14, 1913.

MY DEAR MISS OLIVIA,

Yes, I did hear of the great sorrow which had come to you,—and so your name had been even oftener than

usual in my thoughts, and on our tongues. And I should have written, soon.

In this world of failures and wrecked lives, dear friend, I think one gives a glad cry of victory for every Christian soldier mustered out with honour. The army left behind, well knows the blank, the loss. And yet, the flags of victory are so joyful!

“Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments: and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy.”

But the world grows lonely.

About our little household here, there is little to tell. The rose display in June, was wonderful. But a fierce drought since then, has almost wiped out the garden. Now, we have had one good shower; and I hope to do a little replanting.

But we have had exquisite weather, in spite of the heat,—and I feel much stronger than I did last summer. Bertha has not been strong, nor well; but I think she seems a little better, of late. She is my great human comfort and help.

John Lindley takes the tenderest care of me and my interests; and my Bible Class stands between me and much idleness. I do a good deal of reading (*not* the novels of the day;) and keep up with my letters—after a fashion. And the Island is just as lovely as ever. We lost some fine trees, last fall, in a bit of a hurricane,

—but then, “they were the Lord’s trees,” as I told myself: what had I to say?

Dear friend, I wish you were “near” by: that we might look, and talk: what pleasure it would be!

Well—goodbye for today. With much love, and many thoughts from Bertha and me,

Very faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

WEST POINT, N. Y.

March 17, 1914.

MY DEAREST SARAH:

So stands the old P.O. address, for the saving of confusion, though I am really at Highland Falls, very comfortably housed, in a little dwelling on the main street. But it is in the open part of the village, tucked in among the churches. . . . so that while we cannot see the river, the eastern horizon line, and the morning sunrise are well in sight. We have a wide surrounding of blue sky, sunlight and starlight, and moonshine, and open air. . . .

Faithfully yours,

ANNA B. WARNER.

Sarah, are *you* aching to vote?

TO MISS SARAH A. ROOD

MARTLAER'S ROCK,
Sept. 10, 1914.

MY DEAREST SARAH,

. . . Had one dear little note from Miss Olivia. I read the paper to Bertha, and many a nice book,—sitting in the piazza room, while she mends and makes for me and herself. And I go out for my morning row,—and when my head gets tired, take a picture puzzle, and stop my thoughts! Goodnight, dear child. . . .

Your faithful

ANNA B. WARNER.

CHAPTER V

WEST POINT RE-VISITED

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

LINCOLN.

IN the summer of 1923 wishing to see again West Point and the Island where I had spent many happy hours during the lifetime of Susan and Anna Warner, I drove from New York up the west side of the Hudson enjoying the fine views of the river from the Palisades. Below Nyack was assembled a large fleet of ships which had been built during the World War as part of the Merchant Marine. They lay there, ships built for ocean traffic, a great power, lonely and unused. Further up the river we drove through that great popular playground, Bear Mountain, with its forests and lakes giving desirable recreation

and health to thousands, a moral and physical tonic.

We soon came to the Plain where the interesting buildings of the West Point Military Academy are situated. At the West Point Hotel I was given a comfortable room facing north with a beautiful view of the Hudson River and the upper end of Constitution Island. We were at once in the spirit of the place. We went into dinner and now and then cadets, straight and slender in their gray uniforms, would come in to the dining room and sit down, sometimes joining parties of friends. No doubt they were the special few who had obtained permission for this recreation. In the moonlight we sat on the piazza and not far from where we sat a cadet was playing his banjo to two interested young ladies. Within the house several cadets were enjoying a dance to the music of a victrola. We reluctantly left the moonlight, rather tired after the drive, and knowing that a visit to Constitution Island was before us the next day.

I had hoped that this visit might be made in the early morning so that I could spend the day there, but unfortunately I was not able to communicate with the Island by telephone that



Old Chapel at West Point

morning and so could not get word to the caretaker. After some delay a motor boat belonging to the Government was procured through the kindness of Mrs. Charles E. Tracy, President of the Martelaer's Rock Association, to take us to the Island. We left the West Point wharf and headed north toward the Island. The river was quiet and the shores seemed more distant than I had remembered them. A long tow of boats was coming down the river and a few sail boats were in sight. As we neared the Island I saw that some of the large trees on the lawn were missing and the old house stood more clearly in view than it had in the time when Miss Anna lived there. I was told that a short time before the trees on that part of the Island had caught fire, and wind and age had also destroyed some.

We landed, and I noticed on the large rock at the left near the wharf a brass tablet placed there by the Martelaer's Rock Association to mark the point where the chain had been stretched across the Hudson River in Revolutionary days. The inscription reads: "The great chain was anchored near this point 1778-1783." I walked up the familiar path where kind hands had planted flowers in the borders, and then into the house.

It was a warm sunny day and the rooms, while lacking the welcome of the dear friends no longer there, had much of the look of old times. Refinement was shown in the arrangement of the furniture and of objects of interest connected with the sisters' lives.

The old sitting room in the Continental part of the house with its deep windows was the first room we visited. Over the Gothic mantel hung a copy of the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington now hanging in the library of the Academy. Some of the cases which held their books and curiosities and some of the furniture were in their old places. I thought of the days when the sisters began to write books, and of Miss Anna's graphic description of the early mornings of writing in this room.

There could never be anything on this earth much fairer than those old morning hours of work. At tea the night before we prepared a little pile of bread and butter, saw that our kindling basket was full, and had our small tea-kettle filled and ready on the hearth, in the old Revolutionary room that was our study. In the morning I was generally up by half past four; and by the time my sister came down the fire was burning, the kettle near the boiling point, the tray of cups

and saucers in place; and the green-shaded student lamp gave out its soft invitation to write. A delicious cup of tea, with the much-relished bread and butter, came first however; and then two busy (but silent) pens kept company in the delightful work. No disturbing doors or questions, no creaking shoes or stairs, no unsympathetic knocks. The fire sang and snapped, the coals dropped softly; the noiseless pens covered sheet after sheet of paper with their black marks.

Then I went into the old dining room, cool and shaded, the light coming in through one deep western window. Here it was that Aunt Fanny first suggested to Miss Susan that she could write for publication.

Tea was over in what we still call "The old room," (no older than some of the others, but with perhaps less effort to look young:) and my Aunt Fanny stood washing up the cups and saucers, while my sister was near by, towel in hand. And it had doubtless been one of my headache days; for I sat idly at the other corner of the hearth, watching the two dear figures about their work. The room was very still and full of thoughts. Then Aunt Fanny spoke. "Sue, I believe if you would try, you could write a story." Whether she added "that would sell," I am not sure; but of course that was what she meant. From the

early days of her own self-confidence, no one of us had ever questioned my darling's power to do anything she chose. My sister made no answer. But as she finished wiping the dishes, and went back and forth to put them away, the first dim, far-off notion of *The Wide, Wide World* came into her head. Very misty at first, very brief; hardly going beyond the one thought of a desolate child tossed out upon the world; but I think the opening words were written that very night.

Crossing the hall, I went into the parlor where I missed some of the old furniture and paintings, but it was interesting to see two fine old candelabra which the caretaker said had been found in a trunk in the attic. In Aunt Fanny's room there were many interesting relics of the sisters' lives. The east dining room was so fully furnished that it seemed one might sit down as in old times for dinner. Then I went upstairs to the room my sister and I had occupied, and into the rooms which had been Miss Susan's and Miss Anna's. The whole house seemed full of their presence and memories.

I found at the back of the house a small garden which had been planted by the caretaker, but was not there in old times. I started to visit the site

of the old garden and the place where I had once found wild orchids, but my time was limited and I could only walk to a slight elevation to look over the Island before leaving. The caretaker rowed us back to the landing north of the West Point Hotel.

In the afternoon I drove to the library where the fine portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart, given by Miss Susan and Miss Anna to the Academy, had the most prominent place among the portraits. I then drove to see the new church which has been built on high ground. Going on further it was a pleasure to see again the old church I remembered so well, and which was so definitely associated with the lives of the sisters. This church has been moved from the Plain and placed a short distance inside the gate of the cemetery, and while I missed it from its accustomed place, I was glad to see it preserved and looking very much as it had in times past.

Then I walked quietly up the path to the graves of Miss Susan and Miss Anna in the beautiful, peaceful resting place in the east side of the cemetery above and overlooking the river and the Island. It seemed to me no fitter place could have been chosen, and there side by side their

bodies rest. Two stones of the same size mark their graves.

Susan Warner

In Peace in Christ

The author of *The Wide, Wide World* was

Born July 11, 1819

And passed gently into the life that knows no ending

March 17, 1885.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." John 17.3.

"Praise God the Shepherd is so sweet
Praise God the Country is so fair
We could not keep them from his feet
We can but haste to meet them there."

Auf Wiedersehen.

Anna Bartlett Warner

Born August 31, 1827

Died January 22, 1915

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Rev. 14.13.



*Gravestones of Susan Warner and Anna Bartlett Warner
Government Cemetery, West Point*

“We would see Jesus,—the great rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Not life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see his face.”

I sat down for a little while and thought of the past, of the good these two sisters had done, and of my happy friendship with them; then, as a rumble of thunder warned me that a storm was coming, I walked back to the gate. In doing so a caisson with four horses driven by cadets came toward the burying ground where a service was to be held in the old church for a cadet, a member of the graduating class, who had been killed in an accident. He was to be laid in the graveyard dedicated to the West Point graduates where so many of those in the army had already found their resting place.

I had not been long in the hotel when a very severe storm began with thunder and lightning and hail. As I stood at the window watching the storm coming down the river my eyes often turned to the Island, and I thought of the two dear friends who had made their home there, and remembered how keen Miss Anna was to notice every change in the weather, the clouds and the

wind, which came no doubt from her life on the Island where to cross over to the mainland on a stormy day was undesirable and sometimes dangerous.

The next day was cool and fresh with the air as clear as crystal, and leaving West Point we passed again the old church and cemetery and took the new road around Storm King. The beauty of the river and views of the Island were things never to be forgotten.

PART II

Canaan and Ancestry

CHAPTER I

CANAAN

*I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood.*

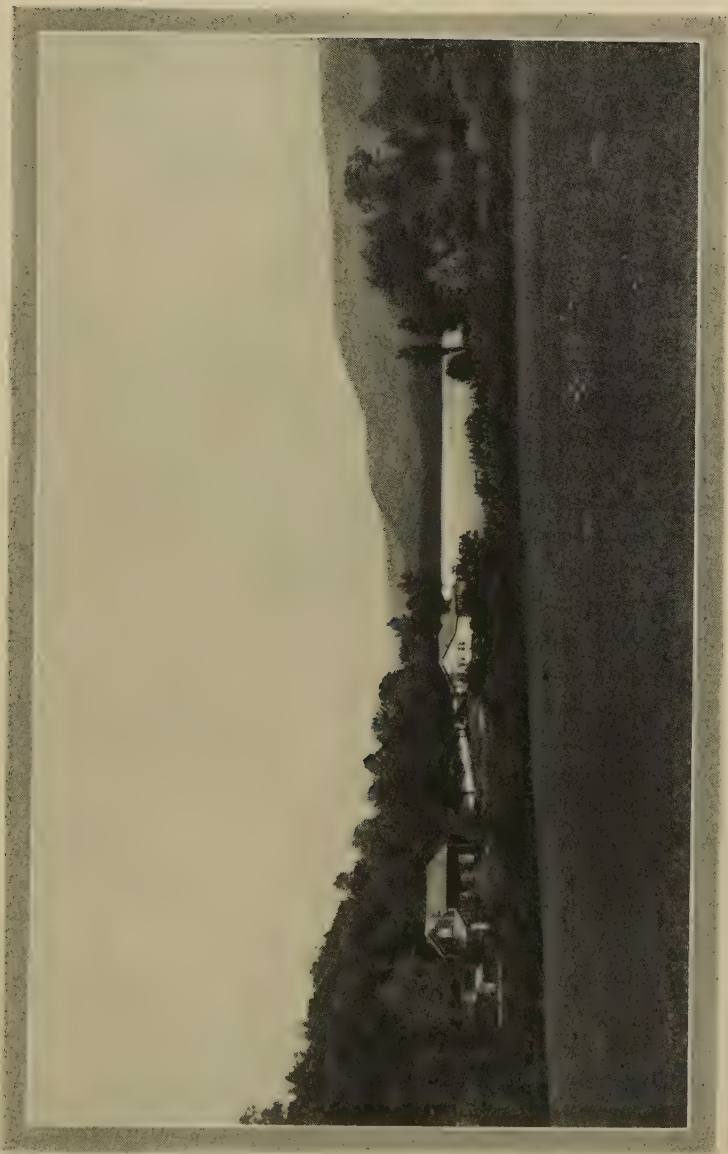
MILTON.

CANAAN, New York, is situated in a small valley just west of the Massachusetts border and among the Taconic Mountains. Most of the scenes in *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy* were laid in and around the old Jason Warner house at Canaan Four Corners near Queechy Lake.

Jason Warner, son of William Warner, married Abigail Whiting, daughter of Colonel William B. Whiting, and built the house in Canaan Four Corners where were born Henry W. Warner, father of Susan and Anna Warner, Thomas Warner, Chaplain and Professor at West Point 1822-1832, and Frances L. Warner, Aunt Fanny.

Here it was in the home of their grandfather, Jason Warner, that Susan and Anna Warner spent many summers when young. Miss Anna kept her affectionate interest in Canaan until her death. Canaan Four Corners has only a few hundred inhabitants. Here in this quiet, peaceful valley, which even with the railroad now running through one corner of it has kept a great deal of its primitive character, the history of the Warner and Whiting families stands out clearly before us. It was to this valley that the ancestors of Susan and Anna Warner on their father's side came among the first settlers to make their home.

Finding that Canaan, New York, was about twenty miles from Lenox, Massachusetts, where I spend my summers, I drove over several times during the autumn of 1923. I had been told that the old Jason Warner house was not far from Queechy Lake and on reaching this lake, turning toward the west we descended a hill leading to Canaan. A brook runs down the hill toward the old Warner house and crosses the road just above it, then runs through a meadow to Canaan Four Corners. This stream is an overflow from Queechy Lake and supplied the water to the mills belonging to Colonel William B. Whiting and the



Queechy Lake

saw mill of Jason Warner which were situated on the road leading from Queechy Lake to the Warner house. In one of the pools formed by a small waterfall after the brook crossed the road, Jason Warner used to take his morning bath summer and winter.

Remembering that Miss Anna in the life of her sister mentioned factories and an old saw mill, which is also spoken of in *Queechy*, I was looking out for these. We passed what appeared to be the foundations of more than one mill, and still further down the hill on getting out of the automobile and looking carefully over the side of the bank of the brook, I saw the foundations of another mill with a small pool above it. This I afterwards learned was all that remained of the old saw mill belonging to the Warners.

Before reaching the old house I noticed along the roadside the row of old maple trees spoken of in *Queechy*. The old New England house stood high above the road and could be easily recognized from Miss Anna's drawing in her life of her sister. It was a beautiful September day, the leaves had scarcely turned, the air was still and the sunshine golden, and looking over the valley I could well imagine how Jason Warner would have chosen

this site on the hillside, protected by high woodland, as a desirable place for a farm and for a peaceful, happy home. Miss Anna, in the life of her sister, writes of how as a little girl she would take her small pail, run down the slope, cross the road, climb the fence, and dip up the water from the running brook, which sometimes ran so swiftly that the pail was carried down the stream.

We drove around the side of the house to the back, and having obtained permission from the wife of the present owner to go into the house, I stepped from the ground to a large flat stone, then into the house. The room which I entered I was told was not in the original house. This had been the woodshed, and looking up to the ceiling I saw that the beams were logs of not too large trees, which had been leveled on the upper and lower sides. From the right side of this enclosed room a door opened into the kitchen which was also used as the dining room. There were two windows at the farther end. This room was not as it was when Jason Warner built the house, for a partition had been built which cut off the large open fireplace. To the right as you entered this room was a passage leading to a bedroom in the



Jason Warner House
Canaan

extension, which had been their grandfather's in the days when Susan and Anna Warner came to spend their summers in this old house. Next to this passageway was a door leading to the cellar and a basement kitchen.

The front of the house was arranged as most of the old New England houses are with two large rooms on each side of a hall, and in this old house the hall was rather broad with an interesting staircase. The room which opened from the kitchen dining room was a good sized square room which had been the sitting room, with two windows looking toward the road and two toward the east, with a fireplace between the windows on the east. The windows on the east were rather peculiarly arranged. They were in what might be called shallow alcoves. On each side of the fireplace was a large opening and then a space perhaps a foot deep between this opening and the outside wall into which the window was cut. In one of these alcoves were small closets on one side.

Crossing the hall and passing the front door I went into another similar large square room which was called the parlor. This was a pleasant room with two windows west and two north and

a fireplace between the west windows. These west windows were alcoved like those in the sitting room, only instead of being square at the top as in the sitting room they were rounded, and around them and all the windows in this room was some rather interesting hatching or carving. It looked as if narrow round pieces of wood had been laid in diagonal lines all around the opening. At the bottom of the windows and around the mantel was also some interesting simple carving. Unfortunately in both these large front rooms the fireplaces were closed by paper fireboards so that I could not see them, but they appeared large and the hearths were of gray stone.

Going back to the hall I went up the stairs to a landing which had a door opening into a bedroom facing south. The corners of the ceiling over this landing were rounded. From this landing the stairs went up to the second story to a wide hall with a window in the front which made a very pleasant place to sit.

The bedrooms on each side of the hall were similar in size to the rooms below, with two windows in front and two at the side and a fireplace between the side windows. They were what would

be called in New England airy chambers. It was in the east bedroom that Miss Susan wrote in her diary of putting up her desk, and here she worked many hours translating Italian and Spanish, arranging her pressed flowers, and coloring paper dolls for Anna. Over the main house was an attic with a window at each end. I was told that instead of the porch which ran partly across the front of the house, in old times there was only a small stoop with benches on either side. On each side of the front of the house were the stumps of two very large trees. These, I was told, were elm trees whose size and beauty were often commented on.

Returning again through the house, I went outside toward the barn and then to the side where there were several outhouses. On the east side was the trunk of a very large tree which had evidently been a willow, and near-by was an iron tub in which water was bubbling up either from a spring or from some apparatus to pump the water there. The wife of the present owner said Miss Anna Warner had made three visits to the house since she occupied it, and had told her that there were troughs of wood which brought the water down from a spring into a wooden tub which had

stood where the present iron tub now stands, and that the water from this tub was for the use of the house. No doubt it was here where Ellen Montgomery in *The Wide, Wide World*, the morning after her arrival at the old house, finding no arrangements for bathing in her room, was directed by Aunt Fortune to go; and although the water was stinging cold, she found it most invigorating as she caught handfuls of the water falling from the wooden trough. Near-by was a small marshy place where wild mint grew tall and luxurious; probably it was into this marshy spot that Ellen Montgomery stepped on the same morning which led to her Aunt Fortune dyeing all her stockings slate-colored, leaving only one pair white for Sundays.

We walked through a gate into a barnyard which was very capacious, and then we climbed what is known as East Hill. Here in the grass wild thyme was in bloom. Walking up into a rather young growth of pine trees which we were told Miss Anna had said had grown up since she lived there, we found the stumps of many large trees that had been cut down.

Being told that Miss Frary, a relative of Susan and Anna Warner, was in Canaan I drove to the



Barns of Jason Warner House
Canaan



East Hill Behind Jason Warner House
Canaan

house where she was staying. A lady was standing on the piazza taller and younger than I had remembered Miss Anna Warner, but who reminded me very much of her, and I almost felt as if I were looking into the face of that dear friend. Miss Frary is the granddaughter of Dr. Robert Frary who married Nancy Whiting Warner, one of the daughters of Jason and Abigail Warner. She was very cordial in her greetings and it was a pleasant surprise to have her ask me, "Are you Miss Olivia?" and to have her say that her Cousin Anna had often spoken of me.

We had an interesting conversation in which Miss Frary told me that she was born in the Jason Warner house. Her grandmother had bought the place from the other heirs. She spoke of how attractive the house was when she lived there, with the two splendid elms in front of it and the old-fashioned stoop with seats on each side. It had then been painted white. There was a fence around the house, and the flower garden was in front on the east side. Her father had enclosed the old woodshed at the back of the house and built a summer kitchen, and above it he had added a bedroom and cut a door from the hall landing into this room. She told me that in old times the open

fireplace in the kitchen dining room was very large, with what is known as a Dutch oven on one side, and over the fireplace were several closets.

Miss Frary said that William Warner, the first of the Warner family to come into the valley, built first a small house at Canaan Centre which is two miles from Canaan Four Corners, and he later built the house on the road in front of it which was a tavern. She kindly showed me a family genealogy which she had collected and written down, and gave me copies of both the Warner and Whiting genealogies, together with copies of letters to Mr. Henry W. Warner, father of Susan and Anna Warner, and his brother from their grandmother and their mother. The original letters were folded up without any envelopes or appearance of stamps, and in the corner of one was written "Favored by Mr. Warner," which shows they were sent by hand. I give the letters here:

MY DEAR TOMMY AND HARRY—

When I read your affectionate letters to your parents it fills me with joy and confidence in the promises of God; affectionate children have lengthened out my

life, at least have softened every care and soothed every sorrow, and you my dear Grandsons have it in your power by the blessing of God to make the evening of your parents' days their best days not only but be entitled to the promise that your days shall be long on the earth which the Lord thy God giveth you. But let them be long or short you shall receive your reward. In all your studies get wisdom, in all your gettings understanding. What is worldly wisdom which fails in the using to that that the world can neither give or take away. The solemn scene I witnessed yesterday will tell you where to all learning and glory come. Doctor Bishop much beloved and much lamented was buried—Witnessed by the largest concourse of friends I ever saw—Let such solemn truths that youth or learning are no security from the shadow of death—

I know my dear children you know and have seen this truth verified in our family and that I may continue to enjoy your love and you enjoy the land—I do beseech the living Lord to hold you in his hand. When you so often mention me in your letters I immediately reflect what have I ever done to merit such respect—Why truly I have neglected my duty to you as parts of my own flesh, have I ever dropped counsel and warning to persuade you to forsake the foolish and live and gain the way of understanding. Be assured my dear sons it will be a diadem in your crown of literary acquisition that you may excel in

virtue and science is the earnest prayer of your affectionate grandmother.

AMY WHITING
(MRS. WILLIAM B. WHITING)

(On outside of letter)

MR. THOMAS AND HENRY WARNER
Wethersfield
Favored by Mr. Warner.

MY DEAR SONS

How did the heart of your mother bound with joy at the reception of your letters, I was sitting almost sick and alone, it was a cordial to my drooping spirits—Yes my dear children none but a fond mother can have any idea of the sensations that pervaded my heart. Your kind and tender solicitude for my health and happiness, your sorrow and regret for all the cares, the anxious hours, the sleepless nights and restless days that I have experienced on your account, are well paid and rewarded—enough—I want no more. Yes I will try to preserve my health and life for the sake of my children, and such *affectionate ones too*. Oh that I may be grateful for the blessings I enjoy in my children and family—It is from an all wise Being that we poor mortals are made to differ—If I can but see them walk in the paths of virtue and religion 'tis

all I have to ask on earth—When I think as I sometimes do that I (may) not be permitted to enjoy their love and society it pains my heart to think how negligent I have been in my duty towards them—You tell me my counsel will always be acceptable to you—Perhaps this may be the last time I shall ever have the opportunity to converse with you even in this way and as your best good is at heart let your mother instruct you to seek first the Kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all things shall be added unto you—It is my daily request that God would incline your heart to seek that better part that shall not be *taken from you*—*We want to see you very much.* Let me know in your next how long you expect to stay in Wethersfield. We feel anxious you may well think for our children at such a distance from us. We shall write as often as opportunity offers—Your grandmother is with your Aunt Tiffany—The friends at the upper house¹ are well, the children are all well and send love to their brothers. Jason just begins to walk—'Tis Sunday and almost night and a very bad pain in my head forbids my saying much more—Receive this with love and may heaven shower its choicest blessings on you prays your

Affectionate mother

NABBY WHITING

¹ This evidently refers to the Whiting family who lived farther up the hill.

Mrs. Jason Warner died March 31, 1810. On
outside of letter was written:

THOMAS AND HENRY WARNER
Wethersfield
8th July 1805

CHAPTER II

WARNER AND WHITING ANCESTORS

*What asks our Father of His children, . . .
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!—
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.*

WHITTIER.

WILLIAM WARNER, the first American ancestor of the Warner family, was the son of Samuel Warner of Boxted, England, who came to this country in the ship *Globe* in 1637, sailing from Ipswich, England. He settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he died about 1648. William Warner, great-grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner and great-great-grandson of the first William Warner, was born in Wethersfield December 4, 1717, and married Rebecca Lupton of Boston, August 9, 1739. They lived for some years in South Canaan, Connecticut,

and moved from there to Canaan Centre, New York, in 1764, where he kept a tavern. They were the third white family to settle in this town. Anna Warner in her life of Susan Warner describes her great-grandmother, the wife of William Warner, as a "woman of extreme energy, 'faculty,' and executive force." Her nine sons

when they were grown, averaged six feet in height; nor were the daughters far behind. One of them could knit a pair of men's stockings,—“Long ones, remember, up to the knee,”—in a day. Another would make a fine linen shirt—stitched and ruffled—in the same brief measure of time, and hem a man's big white cravat after it.

As for the boys, they one and all followed their father into the Continental Army; down to the fifteen year old stripling who would not be left behind, and being too young for heavy service, took fife in hand and cheered on the rest. I came upon some of the State archives one day, and found the enlistment roll where the brothers had entered their names,—John, William, Jonathan, Lupton, Daniel, James, Jason.—It gave me a strange stir of heart. Think of the little throng of (almost) boys, crowding in to offer their lives. She gave a good deal for the cause, that mother.

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It is told of her, that when a tarring and feathering party came by one day and demanded a pillow for the benefit of some Tory spy, she sent out the best one she had, by the hands of her young son.

After the death of William Warner the tavern was carried on by his son, Jonathan Warner. A copy of the will of Jonathan Warner which was probated in the Hudson County Court House is inserted:

In the name of God Amen: I, Jonathan Warner of the Town of Canaan, County of Columbia, and State of New York, considering the uncertainty of this mortal life and being of sound mind, memory and understanding blessed be God for the same do make and establish this my last will and testament in manner and form following, viz:

Firstly I recommend my soul to the hand of God who gave and my body to the grave to be buried in a decent christian burial at the discretion of my executor and as touching my worldly interest wherewith God hath blessed me.

Secondly I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife Lucena Warner two certain notes or obligations executed by Jonas Kulen and payable to me or bearer one dated the 11th day of February 1813 for the sum

of six hundred and seven dollars and thirty four cents with interest and the other dated the 11th day of February 1818 for the sum of one hundred and fifty eight dollars and ninety three cents with interest also my chaise two beds and necessary bedding for the same, one bureau two chests one looking glass and six silver tea spoons to consist the said notes together with all the interest due or to grow due thereon and the other above enumerated articles to her to her own use and benefit as her sole property. I also give unto & bequeath my said wife Lucena Warner the yearly interest accruing on a certain mortgage and note executed by Joseph Enos to John Tilsen for the sum of two hundred and fifty five dollars dated the 15th day of August 1812 the said mortgage premises being now owned by Peter and Reuben Barker. I also give and bequeath unto my said wife Lucena Warner the profits or dividends that may arise or accrue on my thirty shares of stock in the Rensselaer & Columbia turnpike road to receive the said interest on the said mortgage and the dividends on the said turnpike stock for and during her natural life. The above bequests are made to my said wife on condition that she shall at my demise relinquish and release her right of dower in all my real & in all the remaining part of my personal estate.

Thirdly. I give & bequeath unto my grand children Jonathan B. Warner & Charlotte Warner (children

of my son Elijah) each the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars to be paid them when the former shall arrive to the age of twenty two years of age and the latter when she shall arrive to the age of twenty years both without interest.

Fourthly. I give and bequeath unto my son Elias Warner the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars one half to be paid in one year and the other half in two years after my decease.

Fifthly. I give and bequeath unto my son Griswold E. Warner one equal sixth part of my real estate.

Sixthly. I give and bequeath unto my son Thomas Warner the use of one equal sixth part of all my real estate and at his decease I give the said sixth part to my son John E. Warner in consideration of the assistance & care which I expect he will take of his unfortunate brother Thomas. I hope and expect that he will improve his property and take care of him during his life. I also give to Thomas one bed & bedding.

Seventhly. I give and bequeath unto my son John E. Warner one half of all my real estate in consideration of his paying the legacies to Jonathan B. Warner, Charlotte Warner & Elias Warner. I also give & bequeath unto my said son John my clock one bed & bedding and all my personal estate except my household furniture turnpike stock and mortgage executed by Joseph Enos & except what has been before bequeathed in consideration of his paying all

my just debts & funeral charges & including what debts may accrue before my decease.

Eighthly. After the decease of my wife Lucena Warner, the property appropriated for her use during her life consisting of thirty shares of turnpike stock and a mortgage executed by Joseph Enos shall be devised in the following manner, one third thereof I give and bequeath to my son Elias Warner, one sixth part thereof to my son Griswold E. Warner, one sixth part thereof to my son John E. Warner, one sixth part thereof to my daughter Clarena Warner and the remaining sixth part thereof to my grand children Jonathan B. Warner and Charlotte Warner.

Ninthly. I give and bequeath the remaining sixth part of all my real estate to my daughter Clarena Warner together with all the residue of my household furniture.

Tenthly. Having heretofore expended as much in the education of my son Nathan Warner as would be his full share of my estate, I cannot in justice to my other children give him any thing more.

Lastly I hereby constitute my beloved son John E. Warner sole executor of this my last will and testament.

JONATHAN WARNER, L.S.

Signed, Sealed, published & declared by the above named Jonathan Warner to be his last will and tes-

tament in the presence of us who have subscribed our names as witnesses in the presence of each other and in the presence of the testator.

DANIEL WARNER
MATTHEW WARNER
ELAM TILDEN.

William Whiting, the first American ancestor of the Whiting family,

one of the early settlers of Hartford, Connecticut, is mentioned in the histories of this country as early as 1632 or 3. Between 1631 and 3, "The Bristol men sold their interests in Piscataqua to the Lords Say and Brooke, George Wyllys and William Whiting, who continued Thomas Wiggin, their agent, etc." Mr. Whiting retained his interest in Piscataqua until his death. He was "one of the most respectable of the settlers in 1636, one of the civil and religious Fathers of Connecticut, a man of wealth and education, styled in the records, William Whiting, Gentleman." In 1642 he was chosen one of the Magistrates; 1641, Treasurer of the Colony, which office he retained until his death. "In 1646 a plot was laid by Sequasson, Sachem of the Naticks, to kill Governors Haynes and Hopkins and Mr. Whiting on account of the just and faithful protection which these gentlemen had afforded Uncas." The plot was discovered by a

friendly Indian and the danger averted. He bore the title of Major in 1647.

It may be interesting to insert here a copy of his will.

WILL OF WILLIAM WHITING

March 20th, 1643.

Whereas by the Providence of God, I William Whiting doe intend a voyage presently unto sea, mans life being allwayes incident to change, but so much the more in regard of my voyage, therefore, I did thinks good, if God should not returns mee with safety, to leave some lynes in generall, as my last Will and Testament. And whereas that estate I have doth lye in such a manner as it is uncertaine what it will bee, therefore my will is it should bee thus devided: I give unto my loving wife, halfe my household stuffe of all kinds, and one fourth part of my whole personall estate; and her widdowes estate in my now dwelling howse and lands at Hartford, untill my sonne William bee the age of twenty and one yeares, and after, if shee continue a widdow, I give her the one halfe of my said howse and land for her life. I bequeath unto my sonne William, one hundred pound more than I give unto either my sonne John or my sonne Samuell. I bequeath unto my sonne John one hundred pounds

more, and my sonne Samuell, one hundred pounds more a peece, than I give unto my daughter Sarah or unto my daughter Mary. The fourth parte of my estate being taken out for my wife, one hundred pound for my eldest sonne not being accounted with the rest, hee having an equall proportion with my two other sonnes in the estate, my other two sonnes and hee taking one hundred a peece, I bequeath the rest of my estate thus; first, to have 20 L. paid unto Mr. Hooker, towards the furtherance of setting forth for the benefitt of the church his worke upon the 17th of John, with any else hee doth intend. I desire Mr. Stone may have added unto the 5 L. I did promise him, 5 L. more. Allso, I bequeath 5 L. towards the mending of the high wayes betwixt my howse and the meeting howse. Allso, I give 5 L. to some godly poore in the Towne. These sums being taken out, I doe bequeath the rest of my estate unto my five children to bee equally devided amongst them, that is, every one a like proportion; and this my said estate to bee improved unto the best advantage for the breeding upp of my children in learning, to schoole, and in the feare of God; and theirs portions to bee paid before the age of twenty and one yeares, as the providence of God shall give occasion. And my will is that if any of them dye before the said tearme of years, the portion should bee devided among the rest of my children. And that this my will may bee performed, I doe earnestly

intreat my much honored frends and beloved in the Lord, Mr. John Haynes, Mr. Edward Hopkins, Mr. John Webster, with our deare and loving Pastor, Mr. Thomas Hooker and Mr. Samuëll Stone, to bee overseers of this my last Will and Testament, not doubting they will indeavor the performance of the same. In testimony of my love to them, I doe bequeath, out of my whole personall estate, 10 L. a peece. Allso, I doe bequeath unto my Father and Mother, 20 L. and if they bee dead my minde is it should bee given unto my brother and his children. My meaning is, my land and howse shall bee accounted a parte of my sonne William, his portion. And my will is, if those my overseers doe think my second sonne fitt to make a schollar, for his naturall parts, and allso in the gifts of his mind hopefull to keepe the fire uppon the Altar, my will is hee should bee sett aparte for that service.

This is my last will, as wittness my hand, the day and yeare above.

WILLIAM WHITING.

Aprill 2nd, 1646. Whereas by the providence of God, I am intending a voyage, my will is that my sonne Joseph shall have an equall portion with my sonne John and my sonne Samuëll, out of my whole personall estate. Allso, I give my sonne William, 50 L. more. I give unto my daughter Mary, 10 L. more. Allso, I

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give unto my sister Wigger, 5 L. and unto her children 3 L. a peece. I give unto Margery Parker, 10 L. My former will, my mind is, it should bee in force; and these last legacies should bee paid at the age of 21. The rest to bee paid in one yeare after my decease.

Pr mee,

WILLIAM WHITING.

Aprill 20th, 1649. An Inventory of the Estate of Mr. William Whiting, deceased. . . . Total 2854 L.

Colonel William B. Whiting, great-grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner and great-great-grandson of William Whiting, was born April 15, 1731, probably at Montville, Connecticut. "He married Abigail Carew who died May 20, 1756. Married second Amy Lothrop of Norwich, Connecticut, who was born Aug. 24, 1735 and died Jan. 7, 1815. She was a granddaughter of Rev. John Lothrop." Colonel Whiting emigrated to Canaan, New York, in 1765 "when that place was a wilderness." He bought a large tract of land and built the old Whiting house which was totally destroyed by fire a few years ago. This house we were told stood west of Queechy Lake on the south side of the road which leads from Queechy Lake to the Jason Warner house. He

erected mills near Queechy Lake which was then known as Whitings Pond. The name of this lake was changed to Queechy Lake after the publication of the story by that name.

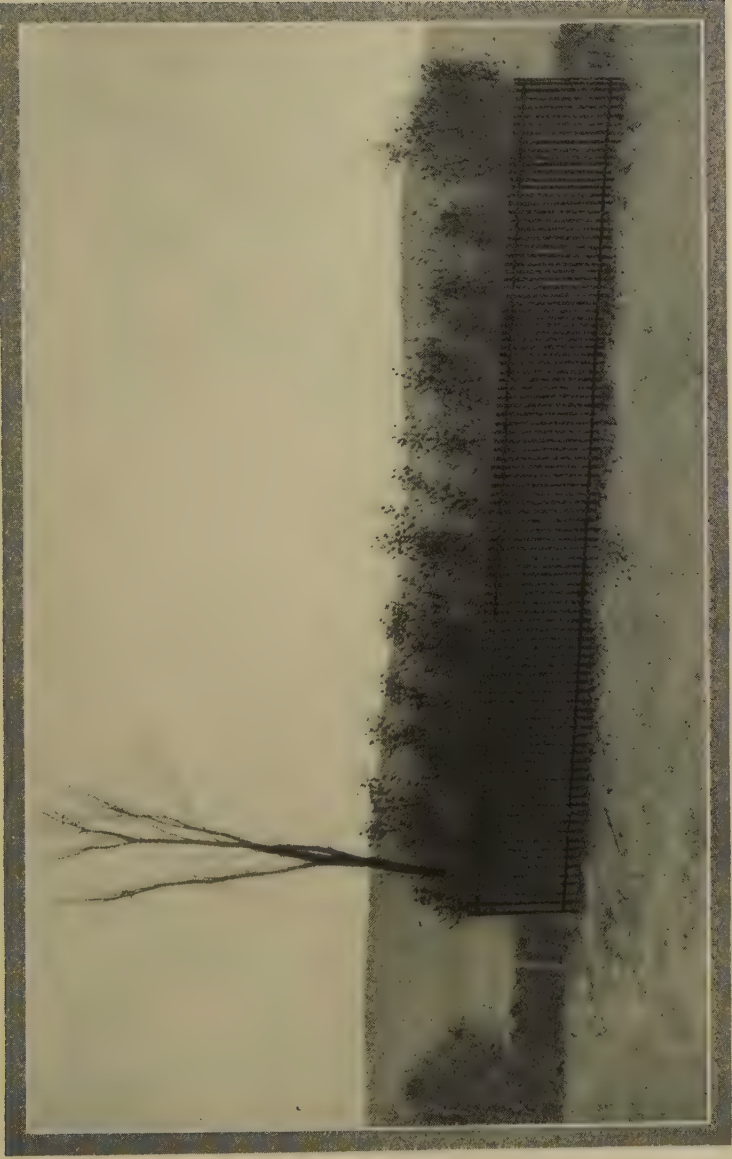
He at once took position as one of the leaders of the various interests in developing the country, and actively engaged in the struggle for independence. In command of his regiment, he marched for Saratoga to join Gen. Gates.

He was present at the Battle of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne.

In their zeal to aid the royal cause the mill was destroyed by fire, while filled with grain belonging to the government, by some of his Tory neighbors. . . . Colonel Whiting also carried on a linseed-oil mill, which was changed to a plaster-mill, and a carding-machine.

Colonel Whiting "was a Colonel in Militia during Rev. War; member of N. Y. Senate twenty years; Clerk of County Court; re-appointed Colonel of 17th Reg. of N. Y. Militia June 16, 1778." He died October 13, 1796 and is buried in the beautiful cemetery at Canaan.

Wishing to see where the first church of Canaan



Oldest Cemetery in Canaan

had stood, we drove up a hill leading north from the village and there opened before us a long, narrow, charming valley with rather high hills on the east. On the road were a number of fine farm houses, and from a lane leading west from this road we walked into a high meadow which overlooked this beautiful valley, and there in the center of the field was a strong iron railing surrounding a small enclosure entirely covered with bushes, which was all that remained of the first cemetery in Canaan, which adjoined the old church. The tangle of blackberry bushes and wild cherry was so thick that we could only look over the railing, where two or three small gravestones were all that could be seen. Walking in this high meadow I picked up one or two pieces of slate, and I wondered as I examined them whether the old church could have had a slate roof, for I knew that slate was found to some extent in the valley, or whether they could be pieces of old gravestones.

I called at the library in Canaan which is in the schoolhouse, and the librarian very kindly lent me a history of Columbia County, New York. The following extract regarding the churches of Canaan may be of interest:

As near as can be determined the first meeting-house was erected about 1785. It was a frame building, and occupied an eminence eighty rods north from Canaan Four Corners. It was capacious enough to accommodate the large congregations that came from ten miles around to worship. There was a high pulpit, a high gallery, and large family pews, after the pattern of those days.

In 1829 this church was abandoned and the congregation being divided as to the site of the new church, two churches were built, a Congregational Church at Canaan Four Corners, and a Presbyterian Church at Canaan Centre, with a beautiful cemetery on the road which connects the two churches.

The history of the First Congregational Church at Canaan Four Corners continues:

On account of the loss or absence of the proper records, the history of this body is somewhat obscure. But there is a strong probability that the church was organized as early as 1772. In 1800 it comprised among the thirty-five members Jonathan Warner, . . . Abigail Whiting, and other females from the foregoing families. . . . It is believed that Colonel William B. Whiting and Elijah Bostwick were the first

deacons of the church. Upon Deacon Whiting's death, Aaron Parsons was elected, and served until his death in 1815. Nathan Whiting became a deacon in 1812, but removed to New Haven in 1814. In 1815 Jonah D. Fuller and John Whiting were elected to fill these vacancies. Deacon Bostwick died in 1825, and Deacon Fuller was dismissed to a church in Troy. He was succeeded by Henry Warner, who gave his office faithful service seven years, when death ended his connection with the church militant. His brother, Joseph L. Warner, became his successor. Deacon Whiting resigned his office in 1840, and Joshua A. Lord was elected to his place the same year.

We stopped at the Congregational Church, which is a red brick church about one mile from the Jason Warner house. Miss Susan mentions this church in her diary, although I was told that her grandfather and his family attended the Presbyterian Church at Canaan Centre. I obtained the key from the house next to the church and having photographed the outside of the church we went inside. The interior was simple, with an interesting decoration on the farther wall. A new organ had recently been installed and covered a good deal of the platform where the pulpit stood. Below the pulpit was a

table with a brass plate stating that the table was in memory of Deacon Joshua A. Lord.

We drove to Canaan Centre to see the Presbyterian Church, for the family from the old Jason Warner house attended this church. I find in the history of Columbia County:

The First Presbyterian Church of Canaan was formed in 1829, with fifty-seven members, and Ruling Elders James Warner, . . . John E. Warner, . . . Deacons, John E. Warner and R. Graves. Fifty-five of the constituent membership had a connection previously with the old church, which was at this time divided into Congregational and Presbyterian branches. A comfortable house of worship was erected at Canaan Centre, which was dedicated, Dec. 31, 1829, by the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, of Austerlitz.

There is a row of maple trees in front of the church, and entering the door we passed through the vestibule under the gallery into the square room of the church. I had been told that originally there was an organ in the gallery, but the gallery being very large it was later partly partitioned off, so that in winter the church could be more comfortably heated. This not being en-



First Presbyterian Church of Canaan Centre
Site of Tavern of William Warner on Right



First Congregational Church of Canaan

tirely satisfactory the entire gallery was then cut off by a partition.

In looking around for some indications of the Warner family, I found in one of the memorial windows on the left as you enter the names of Daniel Douglass Warner and his sisters, Sarah Warner and Alida R. Whiting. The last window on the right near the organ was to Elijah Kellogg and Abigail Frances Warner. There were no names on the pews so that while one does not know just where the Jason Warner family sat, still we know that during the summers Susan and Anna Warner spent with their grandfather, Jason Warner, they with their father, Aunt Fanny, and other members of the family attended service here.

We went to the house adjoining the church on the east which we were told was the John E. Warner house. This is an old house with a modern piazza and is now owned by the clerk of the Presbyterian Church. We were shown the church records and in looking over the old book it was most interesting to find that the land upon which the church was built came from two of the Warner family, James Warner and John E. Warner. The deed of the property was dated January 15,

1834 and was signed by James Warner and Rebecca his wife and John E. Warner and Sarah his wife of Canaan to the trustees of the First Presbyterian Society of Canaan.

That the said parties in consideration of \$50. to them duly paid has sold and by these presents do grant and convey to the Trustees and those in office all that piece of land on which a Meeting House is now erected . . . bounded as follows viz. . . . between the house of James Warner and John E. Warner. . . .

I read in the church records that Rev. George W. Warner, who preached in the church at one time, left a legacy of one thousand dollars to the church, and I was told that if it were not for this legacy and one or two others it would be difficult to keep up the church, as instead of the large congregations that used to attend there were very few attendants now. Later I found among the wills probated in Hudson, N. Y., that Rev. George W. Warner left one thousand dollars for the purchase of a parsonage for the benefit of the Congregational Church at Canaan Four Corners.

I was shown a large Bible bound in leather which was the first Bible used in the Presbyte-



Warner House at Canaan Centre

rian Church. It was dated 1792. In turning over the fly leaves in the front of the Bible I found the Order of Service "to be performed at the Dedication of the Presbyterian Meeting House in Canaan Dec. 31, 1829." It was printed in very clear type on excellent paper and gave the names of the five clergymen who took part, Rev. Timothy Woodbridge being one of them and preaching the sermon of dedication.

As I sat in one of the rooms of this house which had been built by one of the Warner family, with the old beams showing in the corners of the ceiling and the feeling of quaintness in the house, this old program brought back very clearly the coming of the people from all around to attend what must have been a very interesting function in those days.

Rev. Timothy Woodbridge preached at Austerlitz, a village some ten miles distant, for twenty-five years, going from there to Spencertown where he preached for ten years. He founded the Spencertown Academy and was its president from the time of its incorporation until his death. He is known to have been a sincere Christian, an able man and preacher. Although early in life he became blind, he rose above this difficulty and

it did not prevent his doing eminently useful work in the church and for education.

The site of the old tavern which William Warner built adjoins the Presbyterian Church on the West. The tavern burned down about fourteen years ago and the cellar with some masonry is all that remains. I called at the house opposite the remains of the old tavern to see the present owner of the old Warner property, a Spanish gentleman. When the tavern burned down he built on the opposite side of the road to obtain a better water supply. His farm is closed in on one side by high green hills, and he told me that all the land in one direction was formerly Warner property. He spoke of the four Warner houses, and remarked that the Warners always had big houses.

The cemetery where so many of the Warner and Whiting families are buried contains about six acres of land beautifully situated on high ground sloping down to the valley with particularly pleasant views of distant hills. This cemetery lies about halfway between the brick Congregational Church at Canaan Four Corners and the Presbyterian Church at Canaan Centre. We drove in at the gate nearest Canaan Four Corners and

down the side road, then turning into the road which runs through the center we noticed at the front of the cemetery some old stones and monuments which might mark the resting places of the Warner and Whiting families. This proved to be true. There were two large shafts, square at the base and tapering toward the top. One of these was erected by the heirs to the estate of Daniel D. Warner, grandson of William Warner. On one side facing the road were the names of Daniel Warner, son of William Warner, and his wife, Olive Douglass, and their nine children. On another side were the names of William Warner and his wife, Rebecca Lupton, and their thirteen children. The inscriptions read:

The children of
Col. Daniel and Olive
Warner
were
Harriet
Olive
Daniel Douglass
Nancy
Horatio Gates

Sarah

Rebecca Lupton

Alida Robbins

William Henry

The Heirs

to the Estate of

Daniel D. Warner

by his wish

erected this monument

Oct. 1875.

Col. Daniel Warner

Son of William from Ct.

Born Mar. 16, 1762.

Died Mar. 3, 1828.

Olive Douglass

his wife, daughter of Maj. Asa Douglass,

Born Apr. 4, 1768.

Died Aug. 14, 1847.

The children of
William and Rebecca
Warner
were



Warner Monuments

Canaan Cemetery



*Gravestones of William Warner and His Wife, Rebecca Lupton, Great-Grand-
parents of Susan and Anna Bartlett Warner, and Jason Warner
and His Wife, Abigail Warner, Grandparents of
Susan and Anna Bartlett Warner*

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William
Rebecca
Josiah
Hannah
Jonathan
John
Sarah
Thomas
Abigail
Lupton
Jason
Daniel
James

William Warner

5th in descent from William, who came from
England to Ipswich, Mass. in 1637, was born in
Weathersfield. Died Oct. 23, 1776.
Aged 60 years.

Rebecca Lupton

his wife, born in Boston, Died Mar. 11, 1812.
Aged 92 years.

They came from S. Canaan, Ct. and settled at
Canaan Centre, N. Y. in 1764.

Near the Warner family monument were two gravestones in memory of Jason Warner and Abigail Warner, grandparents of Susan and Anna Warner:

In
Memory of
Abigail Warner
wife of
Jason Warner
Who died March 31, 1810
in the 51st year
of her age.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of his saints.”

Ps. 116.15

In
Memory of
Jason Warner
Who was born April 2, 1760
and died September 5, 1841
in his 82 year.

“My sheep hear my voice, and I know
them, and they follow me:
And I give unto them eternal life; and
they shall never perish, neither shall
any pluck them out of my hand.”

John 10. 27, 28.

WARNER AND WHITING ANCESTORS 183

Perhaps ten feet from the Warner family monument was a similar monument to the memory of William Henry Warner, son of Daniel Warner. This inscription reads:

William Henry Warner
Brev. Capt. U.S. Topl. Eng.
Died
Sept. 26, 1849
Aged 37 years

Capt. Warner was the youngest child of Col. Daniel and Olive Warner. Graduated West Point as Lieut. of Artillery in 1836. Served in the Florida War and was one of the 36 first appointed under the Act of Congress organizing a Corps of Topl Engineers in 1838 and was engaged in that service ten years.

He was one of the Officers who established the N.E. Boundary. He crossed the Deserts to Santa Fe and California in 1846. Fought and was severely wounded in the bloody battle of San Pasqual. Was Chief of the Topl Corps in Cal. nearly

three years and finally was ordered to explore the Great Northern Sierras where he was ambushed and shot by the Savages.

He fell in the discharge of his duty on the East side of Sierra Nevada, near the line of Oregon, pierced by nine arrows, and was left unburied upon the ground. Two of his companions were mortally wounded. He was an accomplished Officer, a brave Soldier, a generous and devoted Friend.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Near-by were two graves which must have been very dear to the sisters, the grave of their father, Henry W. Warner, and by his side the grave of their aunt, Frances L. Warner. At the foot of each grave were small stones with their initials. Their inscriptions read:

In Memory of
Henry W. Warner
Son of
Jason and Abigail
Warner



Gravestones of Henry W. Warner and Frances L. Warner
Canaan Cemetery



Whiting Gravestones

WARNER AND WHITING ANCESTORS 185

Born

Nov. 9, 1787

Fell asleep in Jesus

Feb. 20, 1875.

"I sought the Lord, and he heard me
and delivered me from all my fears."

"The winter is past—
The time of the singing
of birds is come."

S.S. 2:11-12.

Frances L. Warner

youngest daughter of

Jason and Abigail Warner

The dearest helpmeet to her Widowed

Brother, the most tender mother

to his children

a blessing everywhere

entered this earthly life

June 30, 1802

passed on into the heavenly

October 31, 1885.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands;
And let her own works praise her in the gates."

Proverbs 31-31

“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord
of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”
Malachi 3-17

Anna Warner being, as far as I know, the last descendant of her family living when her Aunt Fanny died, this inscription to Miss Frances L. Warner was probably composed by her. I recall when she was coming to visit me in New England her telling me that she wanted to go to the graveyard in Canaan to see something about Aunt Fanny's grave. Perhaps she wanted to find out whether the stone had been erected according to her wishes. Near-by were many, many graves of Warners and connections of the family. A little further back were a large group of grave-stones of the Whiting family, and nearer the center of the cemetery were the graves of the Asa Douglass family

Olive Douglass who married Daniel Warner was the daughter of Major Asa Douglass, one of the first settlers in this valley. We find in the history of Columbia County:

Asa Douglas had an interest in the “Six-Miles-Square” tract of land, conveyed by the Massachusetts



Daniel Warner House at Canaan Centre

WARNER AND WHITING ANCESTORS 187

Indians, in 1758, and was the means of inducing many of his Connecticut friends to come to the new country. His home was in the northern part of the town, and was a noted place of rendezvous for the Whigs during the troublous times of the Revolution. The garret of his house was sometimes used to confine such of his Tory neighbors as had been deemed dangerous by the committee of safety. In the army he held the rank of major, and was esteemed a brave man.

Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, who held the noted debates with Lincoln, was a descendant of Asa Douglass.

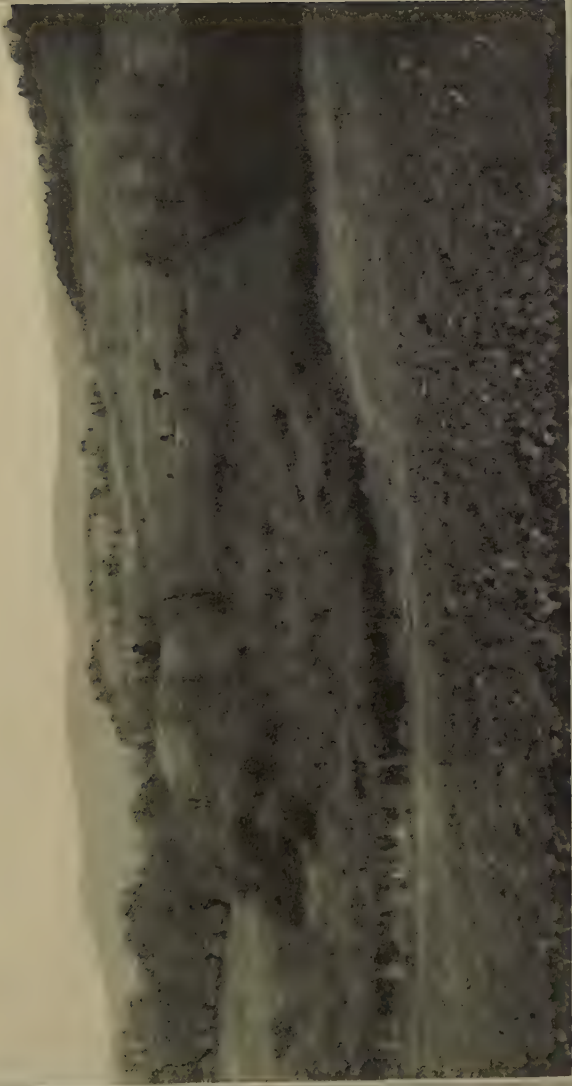
Passing again the old Presbyterian Church at Canaan Centre and the John E. Warner house we crossed a little stream, and then as the road began to ascend we found a fine old house with extension and barns which had been built in 1814 by Daniel Warner, one of the sons of William Warner. It is an excellent specimen of a New England house, and we photographed it. Driving on a short distance we turned to the left through a charming road where the trees on either side glowed with the autumn colors, and got glimpses of the Canaan Valley at the head of which stands the old Jason Warner house. I

knew from what Miss Frary had told me that Susan and Anna Warner with their cousin Ellen Frary had often walked down this road to the church which I had just left. In the twilight we passed the old Jason Warner house, Queechy Lake, and a smaller lake bordered with pollard willows. A large hawk flew over our heads, and a little further on a fox crossed the road and ran up the neighboring hill to the woods at the top.

In late October I drove over again to Canaan. The leaves had fallen from the trees and the pines were more clearly seen. The old Jason Warner house which had been partly concealed before stood out very plainly, and with a sense of friendliness and welcome as we passed. We saw again the Congregational Church at Canaan Four Corners, and passing the cemetery we took a photograph of the Canaan valley from just inside the first gate. The distant hillside was covered with dark pines, and in front were white birches with some vivid brown leaves at the top which had not fallen off. Reaching Canaan Centre we passed the site of the old tavern, the Presbyterian Church, and the houses of John E. Warner and Daniel Warner.

As the day was drawing to a close I drove away

View of Canaan Valley from Cemetery



from Canaan filled with happiness at seeing these places so intimately connected with the Warners and so very dear to them, about which Miss Anna had often spoken and Miss Susan had written so much in her books. They had seemed very remote and almost mysterious, and it was a great happiness to have realized the peace and beauty of the country where they had lived.

CHAPTER III

REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

*Many loved Truth and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her. . . .
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her, . . .
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.*

LOWELL.

I FIND in the history of Columbia County, New York, that

Although Canaan was in part included in the lower Rensselaer Manor, but a limited portion was settled under its provisions. A tract, "six miles square" was purchased from the Stockbridge Indians, lying partly in this town, and in the eastern part were small grants, made by the General Court of Massachusetts before the State bounds were adjusted.

I saw in the office of the Town Clerk of Canaan the first records of the town, an old book bound in

what looked like untanned skin, bearing the signs of age.

On the first page of the town records of Canaan was written:

I have been informed that the town records were kept on loose paper previous to 1774 probably not but a few years. The deed from the Indians of Six Miles Square of lands was executed in 1758 the Compensation was two hundred and fifty pounds that being paid for the Six Miles Square.

A search has been made to locate this deed of land from the Indians, but this search has not been successful. At the same time a very interesting petition in connection with this grant of land has been found in the State House in Albany, New York, and I obtained a photograph of this petition. The petition reads:

To the Honourable James Delancey Esq. Lieutenant Governour and Commander in Chief in Andover the province of New York and the Territories thereon Depending in America.

The Petition of Samuel Robins, Assa Douglass, . . . William Warner, . . . Gamaliel Whiting, . . . Humbly sheweth That your Petitioners purchased a

Tract of Land about six miles square for which they bonafide paid two hundred and fifty pounds New York Money, as by their Indian Deed which they have ready to produce doth appear as, also by the testimony of Capt. Jacob a Stockbridge Indian who is here in New York and ready to attest the same. That when they first made their purchase which was about four years before the date of their deed, they thought that the said Lands lay in Massachusetts Bay Colony, but are since informed that the whole or the greatest part of the said Land lie within the province of New York, to the Southward of the Manor of Renselarwick and to the Eastward of Kinderhook Patent, That your petitioners intend and will oblige themselves to make an immediate Settlement in a Township upon those Lands so purchased if they can obtain his Majesties Grant of those Lands to them and their Heirs as a part of this province of New York.

Your Petitioners therefore pray your Honour to Grant to them and their Heirs his Majesties Letters patent for those Lands with such Reservations and restrictions as are usual and customary in the granting of Lands within this Province.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray
(Signed) Solomon Bebee in behalf of himself
and the rest of the petitioners.

NEW YORK, 13th February, 1759.

(On back) "Petition of Solomon Bebee and others for a grant of lands. Rd 13 Feby 1759. 15 Feby 1759 Read in Court and referred to a Committee with the petition of Josiah Heywood and others."

The name of Canaan was given to the town in 1788, twenty-four years after William Warner and Col. William B. Whiting settled in this valley. About ten years after the settlement of the valley discontent arose between the inhabitants of the Colonies and Great Britain. The Colonies believed it was right to throw off the authority of a country which would not allow them to be represented and with other grievances they determined to be free of the government of Great Britain. Many in England were opposed to this freedom although Burke pleaded for consideration being shown, and no American can recall his stirring speech before the British Parliament without a feeling of gratitude to a man who appreciated and sympathized with us. But, as we know, George III and others were obstinate and war was declared against the rebellious Colonies.

Of course this great question of severing the relations of king and country and becoming independent affected the then rather remote valley

of Canaan, where "the inhabitants were principally natives of New England, and were noted for their public spirit and the method which characterized their civil affairs." One is deeply impressed with the vigorous and determined character of these settlers during the Revolutionary War. Some, as will be seen from the following extracts from the records of those days, were Royalists believing in the divine right of kings, and meetings were held of both parties, decisions made, resolutions adopted and put into execution.

Among those who led in severing the relations of the Colonies from Great Britain were the Warner and Whiting families. One cannot but realize that the loyalty of Susan and Anna Warner to their country and their interest in military matters was inherited to a large extent from ancestors who took a vigorous stand during the Revolutionary War and fought in it. It was in the tavern of William Warner, great-grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner, that stirring meetings were held, and the resolution to become independent of Great Britain was adopted. William Warner died in 1776 and his son, Jonathan Warner, followed him in living in the old tavern in Canaan Centre, and meetings were held there

as usual in the interests of the Colonial government. Here the inhabitants met in the early part of 1777 when the new constitution proposed for the State was submitted to them, but they voted against adopting it. Later, however, after further considering the matter they consented to support it.

From the town records of Canaan for many years one finds practically no town meeting was held in which one or more of the Warners or Whitings were not elected to office. The records of old King's District, the original name of Canaan, contain much that is interesting:

King's District, Ye 24th day of Dec. 1774,—At a meeting publickly warned by the Clerk of the district and requested by a number of the principal inhabitants. Present: five of the King's Justices for the County of Albany and a great number of the principal people belonging to said District.

Whereas, it appears to this meeting that some individuals in the northeast part of this District have associated with divers people of a neighboring district, and combined together to hinder and obstruct Courts of Justice in said County of Albany; this meeting deeply impressed with a just abhorrence of these daring insults upon Government, and being fully sensible

of the blessings resulting from a due obedience to the laws, as well as convinced of the Calamities and evils attending a suppression, or even suspension of the administration of Justice, have, therefore, unanimously come to these resolutions: First, That our gracious Sovereign, King George the Third, is lawful and rightful ruler and King of Great Britain and all other dominions thereunto belonging, and as such, by the Constitution, has a right to establish Courts, and is supposed to be present in all his Courts, Therefore, we will to the utmost of our powers, and at the risk of our lives, discountenance and suppress every meeting, association, or combination which may have a tendency in the least to molest, disturb, or in anywise obstruct the due administration of justice in this Province.

Second, That we will as much as we possibly can in our different capacities, encourage, promote, and enforce a strict obedience to the aforesaid authority.

Third, Inasmuch as the life, liberty, and prosperity of society are secured and protected by the laws, we do for the further security of these blessings mutually consent, agree, and engage that if any obstruction, hindrance, or molestation is given to any officer or minister of Justice in the due execution of his office, we will separately and collectively (as occasion may require) aid and assist the executive part of the land, so that all offenders may be brought to justice

A short time after this meeting a communication

was received from Sheriff Abraham Yates, of Albany, requesting the district to appoint a committee of correspondence to confer with other committees of the province upon matters pertaining to their mutual good. This the district, at a special meeting held Feb. 8, 1775, declined to do. But a committee of correspondence and safety, composed of Nathaniel Culver, Peter Guernsey, Theophilus Jackson, Mathew Adgate, Asa Waterman, Asa Douglas, and Robert Bullis, and Wm. B. Whiting, [great-grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner] clerk, was appointed at the annual meeting, May 2, 1775, and thenceforth the district appears to not only have followed its neighbors in protesting against the oppressive measures of the parent country, but actually led in this direction.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of King's District, in the County of Albany, legally warned by the Committee of said County, at the house of William Warner, innkeeper, in said District, on Monday the 24th day of June, 1776, for the purpose of electing twelve delegates to represent said County in the Provincial Congress, be voted: . . . that a committee be chosen by this meeting for the purpose of drawing up instructions for a new form of government to be introduced by said delegates.

The question being put, whether the said District chooses to have the United American Colonies independent of Great Britain, voted unanimously in the affirmative. . . .

Voted that William B. Whiting [great-grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner] . . . be a Committee to draw up instructions for the purpose aforesaid.

A number of special meetings were held in the early part of 1777, to consider the new constitution proposed for the State; but King's District refused to adopt it and, . . . the 10th day of June, 1777. . . . Voted, That the Committee of Safety for this District be invested with full power to try all cases of trespass. . . .

Voted, That this meeting be adjourned to Tuesday, the 1st day of July next, and to be held at the house of Jonathan Warner, in said District.

Meanwhile, the sheriff of the county of Albany directed a meeting to be held, June 16, 1777, to elect officers according to the provisions of the new constitution, adopted in spite of the good people of King's district. The record is thus given:

Agreeable to orders from the Sheriff of the County of Albany, the inhabitants of King's District, Stephen-town, and a part of Claverack, met at the house of Solomon Demons, ye 16th day of June, to elect a Governor, Deputy-Governor, Senate and Assembly to officer the Constitution formed by the Convention for this State,—Colonel William B. Whiting and Captain John Bebee, conductors of said meeting.

The conductors expressed themselves ready to proceed with the business in hand, but the people were not

mind to elect officers under a constitution which they had rejected, and made a move that the conductors should try the minds of the people whether they would officer the same. This plan being adopted, those favorable to the measure were to move to the north, and those opposed to the south. The division being called, the people moved unanimously to the north, thus again expressing their contempt for the constitution by their refusal to officer it, or act under its provisions. It was then voted that a committee be appointed to draw up a remonstrance against the articles they looked upon as grievous, and to lay it before the proper authorities, so that they might know why the inhabitants rejected the same, and pray for redress. . . .

Voted, That the said Committee make returns of their doings to the inhabitants of said District, at the house of Jonathan Warner, on the first Tuesday of July, next.

Voted, unanimously, that we will protect, defend, and support the officers of the militia and the Committee of Safety in the execution of their office.

At the July meeting at the house of Jonathan Warner it was voted: That every person that is an inhabitant in any District, Town or Manor in this State has a right, and ought to have the privilege, of voting for a Governor, Senate, and Assembly to officer a Constitution, or to form the Legislative Authority of the State.

At a meeting of Ye Inhabitants of King's District in Ye County of Columbia held by adjournment at the House of Jonathan Warner September 29, 1777 Voted that the Committee of Safety and Protection for this District be continued and to act with full power and authority till some proper Legislative Authority take place in this State. . . .

At a Meeting at the house of Jonathan Warner 8th December 1777 Voted. . . . the following persons to act in the Character of Listers for this District (Viz)
. . . William Warner. [Probably great-uncle of Susan and Anna Warner.]

A few months later the vexed questions pertaining to the new constitution received a final disposition.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of King's District, held at the house of Jonathan Warner, on Monday, the 23d day of March, 1778, said meeting being legally named by the Committee of Safety for King's District, to know whether the inhabitants thereof would accept a remonstrance drawn up against the Constitution formed for the regulation of this State by a certain Convention chosen for that purpose ye 16th of June, 1777; and whether they would forward the same to the Honorable Senate and Assembly of this State, and do all other business thought to be necessary on that day.

Voted, that the remonstrance drawn up against the Constitution, read this day to the inhabitants, be

rejected, and that no remonstrance go forth against said Constitution in the name of this District.

Voted, unanimously, that we will support the Constitution formed for the regulation of this State (with the rest of our brethren and fellow-citizens), with our lives and our fortunes.

Voted, that the letter sent to Colonel Wm. B. Whiting, in the names of individuals, which copy has been read, now be sent by Ezra Murray, District Clerk, to the said Colonel Whiting, in the name of the whole District.

Voted, that we rescind all former votes passed in this District relative to the present Constitution formed for this State.

It may be interesting to recall that while these stirring events were happening at Canaan during the Revolutionary War, fortifications were being built on Constitution Island in the Hudson River opposite West Point under the recommendation of Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, which was to be the future home of Susan and Anna Warner. Work was commenced on Fort Constitution August 29, 1775.

Colonel William B. Whiting, great-grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner, had marched with his regiment to Saratoga and took part in the

decisive battle when the army of General Burgoyne was defeated October 17, 1777.

The inhabitants of Canaan sent a vigorous appeal to the legislature to confiscate the lands of the Tories saying:

The petitioners did at the commencement of these struggles, on solid principles, enter into them with a fixed and firm determination to defend our fortunes, rights, and privileges, both civil and religious, and that we have risked our all to this end, and that we have not shrunk back from the terrible armaments of Great Britain . . . and that a great number of those parasites, who stimulated and aided Great Britain, murdering many innocent people, and who are now with the instruments of death actually stabbing us to the vitals, upon joining our powerful and haughty foe, they left with us lands and property which was an actual prize, and which the representatives have an undoubted right to dispose of, and which if not done would bankrupt those who had espoused the American cause. . . . And those butchers who are now cutting our throats with a treaty of peace with England, will be restored to their forfeited estates, if they are not sold before that period arrives, and they become our rulers, and by that means have it in their power to legally murder all those who have op-

posed them. In which case it may be justly said, "we are our own executioners" . . . The petition concludes that prudence and the common welfare would dictate the sale of the property, while it is yet within the power of the representatives to make such a disposition of it.

On May 6, 1783, the inhabitants of Canaan again take further action regarding the Tories:

Voted, unanimously, that we will support to the extent of our ability the laws of this State which have been passed against those persons who have borne arms against this or either of the thirteen United States of America, any time since the Declaration of Independence, except those persons who have already received pardon from former proclamations.

Voted, that no person who has borne arms against the said States, being a resident of, or in, America at the commencement of the said war, shall return, on any pretext whatever, to reap the advantages of Independence; and all property confiscated by law doth of right belong to said States.

Voted, that no such person as aforesaid shall ever hereafter have any residence in this District, and that the members of the Assembly be instructed about the disposition of the inhabitants of said District respecting the same.

At a special meeting held at the house of Jonathan Warner June 15, 1779, it was

Voted, unanimously, that the District shall and will pay all such costs and charges that shall necessarily arise in consequence of the Poormaster's taking care of and supporting the poor in a proper, charitable, and Christian manner.

In 1781 the Puritan spirit was shown.

Gideon King, . . . Jonathan Warner, . . . Josiah Warner, . . . were appointed informing officers, whose duty it is to stop people travelling on the Sabbath; to take notice of all breaches of the peace and treasonable practices, and enter complaint to the proper authorities, that offenders may be brought to justice.

In 1786 we find punishment by whipping was ordered, and six shillings paid for carrying it into effect.

The public thoroughfares were improved and in 1776 Joseph Warner was appointed one of the pathmasters.

September 12, 1798, when Jason Warner, grandfather of Susan and Anna Warner, was town clerk

two of their ancestors were Justices of the Peace at that time and were caring for the interests of a boy who had been apprenticed. It is recorded in the town records of Canaan:

Philip Frisbie Jonathan Warner and John Whiting three of the Justices of the Peace for the County aforesaid having heard and examined the matter in difference between Philo Boothe an apprentice and Richard Hegeboom of the Town of Kinderhook in the County of Columbia and State aforesaid and it appearing to us upon oath that the said Richard Hegeboom hath not allowed his said apprentice sufficient neat apparel and lodging and hath otherwise willy and immoderately entreated him without any just occasion we therefore for the Cause aforesaid discharge the said Philo Boothe from his said apprenticeship and do hereby under our respective hands and seals pronounce and declare that the said Philo Boothe is discharged from being any longer an apprentice to his said master. Witness our hands and seals at Canaan the seventeenth day of August 1798.

PHILIP FRISBIE ○

JONATHAN WARNER ○

JOHN WHITING ○

Record made 12th September 1798

by JASON WARNER Town Clerk.

Once when Miss Anna spoke with delight of the beauty of New England scenery and its traditions and history, I asked her which part of New England she especially liked and she answered definitely and with her bright smile, "Canaan." Now Canaan is just over the border of Massachusetts in New York and is not strictly in New England, but as it is so near the Berkshire Hills many people think of it as being in New England.

It is interesting in this connection to recall how the inhabitants of this valley, having definite opinions of their own, resisted for fully one hundred years the assertions of New York that their valley and other districts east of the Hudson River belonged to New York, insisting that they should belong to Massachusetts. While the controversy over the Massachusetts boundary and the anti-rent trouble may not have been actively entered into by the Warner and Whiting families, still disturbances connected with these troubles took place in Columbia County and these events must have been of deep interest to these ancestors of Susan and Anna Warner.

As the two families were more closely connected with New England than with New York prob-

ably their preference was to have Canaan belong to Massachusetts and the anti-rent controversy would no doubt be discussed around the fireside of William Warner at his tavern at Canaan Centre, and later by Jason Warner and his son Henry and Aunt Fanny around the big fireplace of the house Jason Warner built. It is interesting to note on the gravestone of William Henry Warner, grandson of William Warner, that "He was one of the Officers who established the New England Boundary." A few of the events of those stirring times and happenings near Canaan may not be entirely out of place here.

"The peculiar disturbances known as anti-rent troubles" began about 1751, thirteen years before William Warner came into the Canaan Valley. The controversy was not settled until the year 1852.

By the government of New York it was maintained that their eastern limit was the Connecticut River, because "that the Dutch claimed the colony of New Netherlandt as extending from Cape Cod to Cape Cornelius, now called Cape Henlopen, Westward of Delaware Bay along the Sea Coast, and as far back as any of the Rivers within these Limits extend; and that they were actually possessed of Connecticut River long

before any other European People knew anything of the Existence of such a River, and were not only possessed of the Mouth of it, where they had a Fort and Garrison, but discovered the River above a hundred miles up, had their People trading there, and purchased of the Natives almost all the Lands on both sides of the said River, and that the Dutch Governor Stuyvesant did in the year 1664 surrender all the Country which the Dutch did then possess to King Charles the Second, and that the States-General made a Cession thereof by the Treaty of Breda in the year 1667. That the Dutch re-conquered part of this Province in 1673, and surrendered and absolutely yielded it to King Charles the Second, in 1673-74, by the Treaty of London, and that in 1674 King Charles granted to the Duke of York all the Land between Connecticut River and Delaware Bay."

The Massachusetts government scouted this argument, and in turn claimed westward at least as far as the Hudson River, although, as they said, they "had for a long time neglected the settlement of the West Bounds, they lying very remote from Boston.

In the autumn of 1751 tenants of Livingston manor, then owned by Robert Livingston, Jr., grandson of the first proprietor, refused to pay their rents declaring that they had a right to the

land under a grant of the government of Massachusetts Bay. It became evident to the home government that an adjustment of the boundary between New York and Massachusetts needed to be made. The matter was submitted to the Lords Commissioners of Trade. This commission on May 25, 1757, submitted to King George II their report. They stated that they had examined the grant which King Charles II had given to the Duke of York in 1673-74, and also the royal charter granted to the Massachusetts Bay in 1691, and that the description of the boundary was inexplicit and that they could not decide what were the intentions of the original grant. They had also examined ancient papers and had come to the conclusion that a line drawn twenty miles east from the Hudson River would be a just limit of the New York boundary.

This decision however did not prove at first acceptable and there were meetings of commissioners in Hartford sent from New York State and from Massachusetts. They agreed to this boundary and a survey was made. The magnetic needle which was used in making this survey had baffling variations among the ore beds of the Taconics, possibly aided by the objections of

some to the line agreed upon, but the boundary was finally established practically as at present.

The anti-rent spirit however had not died and the farm tenants upon the manors not only in Columbia County but in various other counties felt that their condition was unendurable. They believed that their ancestors had already paid largely in rent, that they had put improvements upon the land, and that they should not continue to pay rent to the manors. The revolt was taken up openly in Columbia County, when Sheriff Henry C. Miller attempted to serve a process against the property of an anti-renter in the town of Copake, which is about thirty miles south of Canaan. He went to the town with only one attendant. Arriving at the place where the process was to be served, he found about three hundred men disguised as Indians commanded by "Big Thunder" and about one thousand people gathered to see what would happen. "Big Thunder," whose name was Smith A. Boughton, and six sachems conducted the sheriff to the public house where they informed him that under no circumstances would he be allowed to serve the process. They threatened him with firearms, and taking away his papers they burned them in pub-

lic amid the war-whoops of the braves and the applause of the spectators. The Sheriff was allowed to return to his home in Hudson where he reported the disturbance to the citizens who were very indignant over the matter.

“Big Thunder” and “Little Thunder” were later captured and arrested and taken to Hudson. A great crowd followed them to jail and the whole city was jubilant until it became known that about one thousand men had sworn to rescue the prisoners and burn the city. The people became frightened, and they were no happier when the Mayor stated that no policy of insurance would cover losses by fire “when caused by invasion, insurrection, or civil commotion.” They organized themselves into a Committee of Public Safety to defend the city, having a patrol of twenty citizens to each ward to be on duty during the night and pieces of artillery were placed in charge of a company of one hundred men under the command of Capt. Henry Whiting. The reported invasion did not materialize and after this the execution of the laws of Columbia County was not resisted, and the anti-renters decided that they would put their grievances to the test through the vote. They elected a governor in 1846 who

pardoned the state prisoners and the anti-rent convicts, including "Big Thunder," who had been sentenced from Columbia County. After this the anti-rent troubles subsided.

Appendix

RECORDS OF WARNER FAMILY

FIRST GENERATION

William, first American ancestor, son of Samuel Warner of Boxted, England, came to this country in ship *Globe* in 1637, sailing from Ipswich, England. Settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Died about 1648.

SECOND GENERATION

Daniel, born about 1618, probably at Boxted, England. Came to this country at the age of nineteen with his parents, his brother John and sister Abigail. Died at Ipswich, Massachusetts, 1688. Married three times, had eight children, all by his first wife, Elizabeth Denne.

THIRD GENERATION

William, born 1646 at Ipswich, Massachusetts. Died at Wethersfield, Feb. 28, 1714. Married Hannah — who died March 3, 1714. Had six children.

FOURTH GENERATION

William, born at Wethersfield Jan. 25, 1672. Married Mary Crane May 21, 1696. Had seven children by first wife. Married second Elizabeth ——— Had one son, William.

FIFTH GENERATION

William, born Dec. 4, 1717. Married Rebecca Lupton of Boston August 9, 1739. Moved to Canaan Centre, New York, in 1764. Died Oct. 23, 1776. Rebecca Lupton died March 11, 1812.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND REBECCA

- 1 William
- 2 Rebecca
- 3 Josiah
- 4 Hannah
- 5 Jonathan
- 6 John
- 7 Sarah
- 8 Thomas
- 9 Abigail
- 10 Lupton
- 11 Jason b. April 2, 1760; m. Abigail Whiting; d. Sept. 5, 1841
- 12 Daniel b. March 16, 1762; m. Olive Douglas; d. March 3, 1828
- 13 James

SIXTH GENERATION

Jason, born April 2, 1760. Married Abigail Whiting Feb. 23, 1783. Died Sept. 5, 1841. Abigail Whiting died March 31, 1810. Married second Elizabeth Carpenter who died within the year. Jason and his brothers all served in Revolutionary War with their father.

CHILDREN OF JASON AND ABIGAIL

1 Thomas b. Feb. 3, 1784; m. Elizabeth McDongal; Chaplain and Prof. at West Point 1822-1832. d. in Paris, buried in Père la Chaise.

2 Henry Whiting b. Nov. 9, 1787; m. Anna Bartlett in 1817; d. at West Point Feb. 20, 1875.

3 George Washington b. July 16, 1797; m. Margaret Hopkins; d. in Georgia.

4 Nancy Whiting b. April 18, 1798; m. Robert Frary, M.D. Aug. 17, 1819; d. Hudson, N.Y. Jan. 31, 1863.

5 Frances Leffingwell b. June 30, 1802; d. Oct. 31, 1885.

6 Jason b. June 4, 1805; d. Jan. 15, 1829.

Several other children, who all died in infancy.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Henry Whiting, b. Nov. 9, 1787; m. Anna Bartlett 1817; d. Feb. 20, 1875.

CHILDREN OF HENRY AND ANNA

- 1 Daughter born 1818 who died 1819.
- 2 Susan Bogert b. July 11, 1819; d. March 17, 1885.
- 3 Henrietta b. 1821; died 1823.
- 4 Anna Bartlett b. Aug. 31, 1827; d. Jan. 22, 1915.

RECORDS OF WHITING FAMILY

FIRST GENERATION

William Whiting born ; married Susan-
nah ; died July 1647.

William Whiting, one of the early settlers of Hartford, Conn., is mentioned in the histories of this country as early as 1632 or 33. Between 1631 and 33, "The Bristol men sold their interest in Piscataqua to the Lords Say and Brooke, George Wyllys and William Whiting, who continued Thomas Wiggin, their agent, etc." Mr. Whiting retained his interest in Piscataqua until his death. He was "one of the most respectable of the settlers in 1636, one of the civil and religious Fathers of Connecticut, a man of wealth and education, styled in the records, 'William Whiting, Gentleman.'" In 1642 he was chosen one of the Magistrates; 1641, Treasurer of the Colony, which office he retained until his death. "In 1646 a plot was laid by Sequas-son, Sachem of the Naticks, to kill Governors Haynes and Hopkins and Mr. Whiting on account of the just and faithful protection which these gentlemen had afforded Uncas. The plot was disclosed by a friendly

Indian and the danger averted." He bore the title of Major in 1647.

CHILDREN OF MAJOR WHITING AND SUSANNAH

1 William b. ; m. ; d. 1699, in London, England.

2 John b. 1635; m. Sybil Collins; d. 1689 in Hartford, Connecticut.

3 Samuel b. ; m. ; d.

4 Sarah b. 1637; m. First time 1654 Jacob Mygatt; second time John King; d. 1704.

5 Mary b. ; m. Aug. 3, 1664 Rev. Nathan Collins of Middletown; d. Oct. 25, 1709.

6 Joseph b. Oct. 2, 1645; m. ; d. Oct. 8, 1717.

7 A posthumous child.

SECOND GENERATION

John (Rev.), born 1635, married first Sybil Collins, daughter of Deacon Edward Collins of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Was an A.B. of Harvard in 1653. Preached from 1657-59 in Salem, Massachusetts. Removed to Hartford, Connecticut, and was installed in First Church in 1660 and served there until his death September 8, 1689.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND SYBIL

1 Sybil b. 1655

2 John b. 1657

- 3 William b. April 3, 1659
- 4 Martha b. 1662
- 5 Sarah b. 1664
- 6 Abigail b. 1666
- 7 Susannah b. April 22, 1670

Married second Phoebe Greyson of New Haven,
Connecticut.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND PHOEBE

- 8 Thomas b. 1674
- 9 Mary b. 1676
- 10 Elizabeth b. 1678
- 11 Joseph b. 1680
- 12 Nathan b. 1683
- 13 Thomas b. 1686
- 14 John (2d) b. 1688

THIRD GENERATION

William (Col.), born April 3, 1659, married Oct. 5, 1686 Mary, daughter of Col. John Allyn and granddaughter of Hon. William Pynchon. William Whiting was Captain, Major and Colonel in Queen Isabella's War. Represented Hartford in General Court in 1710-15. Speaker of Court in 1715. In 1710 led a party of horse into Hampshire, Massachusetts, to repel French and Indians. Commanded troops at Port Royal, Acadia, after its capture by fleet under Nicholson. Commanded a troop in expedition to Canada in

1711. Died Dec. 11, 1724, probably at Newport, R. I., where he removed late in life.

CHILDREN OF COL. WILLIAM AND MARY

- 1 Mary b. April 1, 1688
- 2 Charles b. July 5, 1692; d. March 7, 1738
- 3 William b. Feb. 15, 1694

FOURTH GENERATION

Charles born July 5, 1692 probably in Hartford, Connecticut. Known in records as Lieut. Charles Whiting. Married Jan. 10, 1716, Elizabeth Bradford, daughter of John and Hannah Rogers Bradford. (John Alden married Priscilla Mullins or Moline. Their daughter Elizabeth married William Paybodie. Their daughter Elizabeth married John Rogers. Their daughter Hannah married John Bradford. Their daughter Elizabeth Bradford married Charles Whiting.) Charles Whiting died at Montville, March 8, 1738.

CHILDREN OF CHARLES AND ELIZABETH

- 1 Mary b. Jan. 1717; m. Gardner of Hingham, Massachusetts
- 2 John b. Aug. 3, 1719; d. Jan. 1772
- 3 Sybil b. July 1, 1722; m. William Noyes; d. Aug. 1, 1790
- 4 Charles b. Aug. 5, 1725; m. Honor Goodrich

- 5 Elizabeth b. Aug. 5, 1725
- 6 Gamaliel b. Sept. 17, 1727
- 7 William Bradford b. April 15, 1731; m. Abigail
Carew; m. Amy Lothrop; d. Oct. 13,
1796
- 8 Berenze b. March 1733; d. July 1777
- 9 Ebenezer b. May 1735

FIFTH GENERATION

William Bradford (Col.) born April 15, 1731. Married Abigail Carew who died May 20, 1756. Married second Amy Lothrop of Norwich, Connecticut, who was born Aug. 24, 1735 and died Jan. 7, 1815. She was a granddaughter of Rev. John Lothrop. William Bradford emigrated to Canaan, New York, 1765, when that place was a wilderness. He was a colonel in Militia during Revolutionary War. Member of New York Senate twenty years. Clerk of County Court. Re-appointed Colonel of 17th Regiment of New York Militia June 16, 1778 (Recorded Vol. 15 of documents relating to Colonial History State of New York, P. 273). He built the old Whiting house in Canaan, New York, which was totally destroyed by fire a few years ago. Erected mills on Whittings Pond, now Queechy Lake, which were burned by the Royalists. Was present at Battle of Saratoga and surrender of Burgoyne. Buried at Canaan, New York.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM BRADFORD AND ABIGAIL

I Abigail

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM BRADFORD AND AMY

- 2 William
- 3 Abigail b. Feb. 4, 1760, married Jason Warner
- 4 Nancy Anne
- 5 John
- 6 William Bradford
- 7 Daniel
- 8 Hannah
- 9 Nathan
- 10 Samuel
- 11 Samuel
- 12 Harriet
- 13 Charles

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